JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1915

3D EVERY THURSDAY

INSIDE HITLER'S FORTRESS By A.C.G.

FACED DEATH TO TEST BALLOONS

SOCIAL SECURITY OR SHAM? by the EDITOR

shield over freedom

Over Dunkirk—*too few*
Over Singapore—*too few*
Over Crete—*too few*
But the factories hummed,
and the people toiled;
more planes,
more planes . . . .
thousands . . . .
Squadron after Squadron—
roaring into the sky!
Layer above layer!
Far below—
like toy ships on a floor—
The Convoy
Shield over the Convoy—
The Stukas slink away—
the Convoy goes on!
Shield over Malta
—*Malta, the indomitable*
Shield over the Eighth Army,
crashing to Victory.
Shield over the Great Fleet,
steaming to Algiers.
And some day—
shield over Europe while
Nazi hordes go
rolling back . . . .
and our boys go charging
forward to free the nations.
Shield over
Freedom!
More Planes.

MORE PLANES.

* * * *

Soon you will have a special chance to show your gratitude to the boys who fly these planes. Wherever you live your Local Savings Committee is making plans for its "Wings for Victory" Week. Go all out to help your town or district get its target and win its Victory Wings. Let your savings soar. This is the least you can do for those who have done so much for you. *SAVE MORE.*

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Extra Strength and Protection for your Child

IN presenting Hercules Vimaltol" it is hoped that, in a series of humorous exploits, he will prove a regular source of amusement to your children.
"No Trouble at all"

I'm "HERCULES VIMALTOL."

ALL parents love to see their children strong, vigorous and happy, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. One important factor in maintaining such health and fitness is an adequate supply of protective nourishment.

You can help to ensure this by giving your child 'Vimaltol' every day. This delicious vitamin food provides valuable nutritive properties which build up strength and weight and reinforce resistance against coughs, colds and other ailments.

'Vimaltol' is a product of the highest quality, prepared according to present-day scientific knowledge and possesses a delightfully sweet orange flavour which all children love. Spread on bread or biscuits, it is as nice as the nicest jam. Being very concentrated, it is most economical in use.

In two sizes! 2/10 & 5/2

VIMALTOL

A DELICIOUS, CONCENTRATED ECONOMICAL VITAMIN FOOD

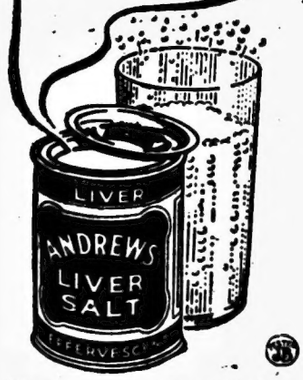
V123

Cut them into SLICES — FOR PROLONGED ENJOYMENT

There is so much delicious goodness in these chunky candy-bars that it's rather a shame (and, perhaps, slightly selfish) to eat them up all at once. Mars are made from the finest materials available, including sustaining chocolate, energising glucose and nourishing separated milk. So, by cutting Mars into slices, you spread and prolong the benefit and enjoyment you get from them. In fact, this is probably one of the best of all ways to make the most of your sweet ration.

Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

Excuse me— ANDREWS gives you INNER CLEANLINESS



When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

8 ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax

(27)

FOOD FACTS H.F

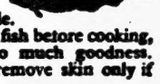
Meet the new fish

Strange new fish on the fishmonger's slab—fish you've never met before, but well worth knowing all the same.

You get these new fish because of the zoning scheme: fish is now sold close to where it is landed instead of being sent far journeys to its old markets.

There are two kinds of strangers, *round white fish* (cousins of the cod), and *flat fish*. It is well worth while to look out for them in case they come your way. And don't judge them by their outlandish names or unfamiliar looks—beauty in a fish isn't skin deep! These newcomers have a fine flavour, are an economical food and are quick and easy to cook. Just follow the instructions given here:

CLEANING FISH



1 Wash fish thoroughly, under running water if possible.

2 Never skin fish before cooking, you lose so much goodness. After cooking remove skin only if very tough.

3 Cut off heads and tails before boiling or frying, but leave on for baking. Use head and bones for stock.

FILLETING FLAT FISH

When fish has been cleaned and dried, place flat on a table, and with the point of a *sharp* knife cut from head to tail down the backbone. Then insert knife in this slit and carefully separate the fish from the bone. Remove fillets, trim and cut into pieces convenient for serving. Use bones for stock.

BOILING FISH

Steam whenever possible but if you must boil, place fish in warm salted water. Bring to boiling point and then simmer gently. Never boil fast or the fish will come away from its bones before it is properly cooked, and may be tough. Drain fish well before serving and use liquid for sauce.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 137

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE WILL STOP THAT COUGH

SOLD EVERYWHERE

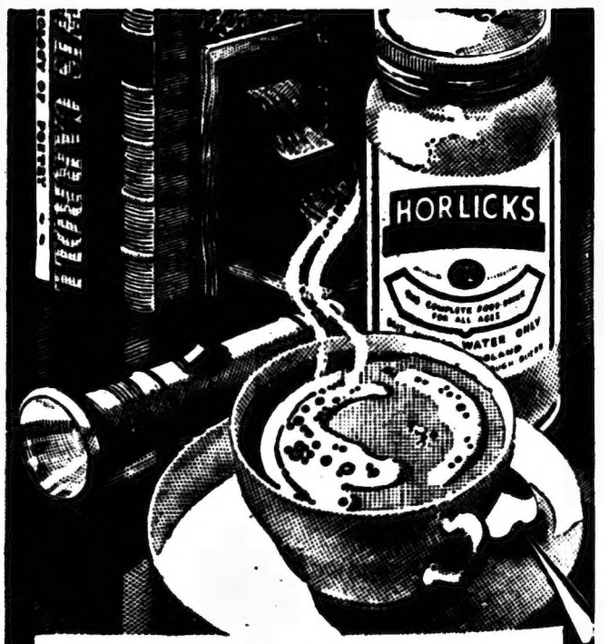
1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

JILPS

HERE'S FEARLESS FRED THE CYCLING CHAMP JILPS MAKE HIM GLOW IF RIDING'S DAMP

Cyclists and others who face wintry weather find JILPS both soothing and warming. They contain Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose, all highly recommended. Buy JILPS whenever you can—supplies are restricted these days. No personal points!

Made by the Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne.



Mix your Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a night cap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 27, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

WE MUST BE QUICK!

THOUGH the general war news could scarcely be more encouraging, we must face the fact that we have had a setback in Tunisia.

But, in his last superb speech, the Prime Minister warned us that this campaign would not be won without heavy fighting. Its final outcome is not in doubt.

Losses and Gains

Mr. Churchill said that Hitler was losing from a quarter to one-third of the supplies he sends across the Mediterranean.

Only the future can determine whether he can off-set these losses by corresponding gains.

We have to remember that whatever he does send to Tunisia must weaken his resources against the Russians—or against us on other fronts.

Gaining Time

The need for speedy action by the Allies remains, for we are now employing twice as many troops as the enemy.

Hitler probably hopes that his hold on Tunisia will delay our opening of any other front. Churchill and Roosevelt may have other ideas.

Modern Weapons

From the African battlefield still come reports that some Allied 'planes are no match for the latest type of Messerschmitt and Focke-Wulf.

As we said last week, we shall have to send many more 'planes that can meet the enemy on equal terms.

The *Spitfire* remains the master fighter; we must strive to keep it so.

Time for Parity

German dive-bombers still seem to operate without an adequate reply.

The proper guns should be available to deal with these and the enemy's monster tanks.

Not in this fourth year of war should we be at any disadvantage with the enemy! Not much longer should we have to leave the fighting in Europe to the Russians!

Danger Ahead

For there is danger in the Russian victories.

Danger that because they are so frequent we may come to take them for granted. Danger that they may dazzle us into forgetfulness of what is happening in Germany.

Sweeping Retreat

So let us balance the news from both Russia and Germany.

Look first at Russia.

The Donetz is crumbling in the Germans' hands. The fall of Kharkov entails the loss of the Ukraine. If they cannot hold the Soviet forces driving towards Zaporozhe they must surrender the Crimea.

They face, besides, a flanking threat to Smolensk.

Snowball

There must be great confusion along their lines.

We know, from our own experience in the Spring of 1918, how broken-down transport and heavy equipment are apt to block the path of a retreating army.

A retreating army is like a snowball—it gathers confusion as it goes.

From the West

Communications are severed. Whole divisions are cut off. But into this chaos the German High Command is throwing the garrison troops rushed up from France and Holland.

Such is our opportunity. Now, as never before, is the time for us to strike in the West.

New Armies

In other words, the Germans are taking a breathless gamble. Also, at breakneck pace, they are recruiting new armies.

This last is the most important news from Germany.

Face Value

They boast of mustering another 250 divisions by combing-out men aged between sixteen and fifty-five from the German Home Front, by employing 7,000,000 foreign workers in their arms industries.

We needn't accept the figure at its face value.

But certainly the enemy has been busy all winter in training large new forces.

Ready for Us

It is far from certain that they will be used for a Spring offensive in Russia. The coming of the thaw in a few weeks' time should give the existing Nazi armies a better chance of slowing down the Russians' magnificent advance—an advance that must be even more rapid than the Russians expected.

No, those new armies will be ready to meet Anglo-American action in Europe. And Tunisia proves that it is not wise to give the enemy time to recover from the first shock of assault.

Heavier than Ever

Preparation for a tremendous assault is undoubtedly going ahead.

It would be foolish to give the enemy details of that preparation. But there is one feature of which the enemy is well aware: the R.A.F.'s bombing attacks on the Continent have become heavier than ever.

Our losses continue to be comparatively small.

Softening the Core

"Intruder" attacks on Germany itself by our long-range fighters may indicate that the "softening up" process has begun.

The process will be intensified as the eve of our invasion draws near.

It may also be significant that German armed reconnaissance raids on Britain show some increase.

No Fools

On the other hand, the inaction of the Japanese does not imply a change-over to the defensive.

They would be fools to sit tight until we are ready to switch the blitz to their matchboard cities.

They are not fools. They are fanatics.

More Aggression!

They have been thrown out of some strategic outposts. They are seeking to consolidate their remaining positions in the South-West Pacific.

But their fanaticism demands something more face-saving than consolidation. Hence the fear of a fresh and more desperate effort to reach Australia.

Best Chance

That is a possibility, but perhaps not a strong probability—thanks to the Americans' successes at sea.

Tokio's best chance of delaying the wrath to come is to launch a vast new offensive in China, to prevent the establishment of Allied bombing bases and Army supply dumps.

Getting Together

It is therefore good to hear of high British, Chinese and American authorities getting together to discuss common problems.

It will be better to read of a material increase in our supplies to the heroic and under-equipped armies of Chiang Kai-shek.

Call for Arms

China has no lack of man-power; nor, in spite of all her losses, has Russia. But man-power alone is not enough: arms must go with it.

The outstanding marvel of the great Soviet offensive is that the Russians have equipped themselves so magnificently, even though much of their war machinery was moved back to the Urals.

China's One Need

Our Chinese allies have no comparable resources. For five years they stubbornly resisted an enemy vastly stronger in war machinery than themselves.

Give them the arms and, even if they could not fully emulate the immense achievements of the Russians, they could be counted upon to "hold the fort" until we can come to their aid.

Holding the Fort

It is not improbable that the Japanese, checked in the Pacific, may make a further desperate bid to break down Chinese resistance this year.

But Roosevelt and Churchill have certainly foreseen this danger and we have their joint assurance that they will spare no effort to supply China with an ever-increasing flow of munitions.

Fighting Season

There is this to remember, too: that the Axis Powers are under increasing strain for man-power, whereas the United Nations have immense reserves still to bring into action.

Spring is the "fighting season" and we believe it will see our long preparations translated into action.

(Continued overleaf)

BLIND ALLEY

Youth saved us in the Battle of Britain. Boys and girls still at school when war began are now entering the Services.

What will be the position of boys and girls leaving school when war ends?

Lord Southwood has raised that question in the House of Lords. He had ample cause to demand Government assurances.

Seventeen years after the last war, 1,102 condemned schools were still in daily use, 57,000 children aged fourteen or fifteen were unemployed.

Another 44,637 youngsters of sixteen and seventeen were jobless.

Nowadays, it isn't so hard for children to find work. But many of them should still be at school—where 2,200,000 young people have inadequate facilities for education!

Lord Southwood urged raising the school-leaving age to 16. The Archbishop of York insisted that part-time education should not take place in the evening, when young folk came home tired from the day's work.

The Government's answer? Well, Lord Selborne promised that the leaving age would be fixed at 15 as soon as possible after peace was declared. He thought that more care should be given to the placing of children in work.

And that was all.

On this, as on other matters, the Government should be made to think twice when the country is able to go "back to normal."

"THE ENEMY MIGHT CHANGE THEIR TACTICS AT ANY MOMENT"—

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., in reviewing Fire Guard arrangements

FOR EVERY READER

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WITHIN a dozen miles of the capital of the British Empire, 1,400 people live in conditions that shame our civilisation.

They pay rates for their caravans and shacks to a prosperous local council. But they have no roads—only rutted tracks and miniature lakes of mud.

Half a Mile

There are no decent sanitary arrangements. Water is laid on at two taps—which entail half a mile's walk for many of the residents.

There is no telephone, even for emergency calls arising from accident, fire or air raids.

Crumbling Shelters

But there are a few A.R.P. shelters. Death-trap shelters—so rotten that they are crumbling to pieces, so damp that they are water-logged in bad weather.

There is no first-aid equipment. No full-time warden. No encouragement for the residents' efforts to organise an A.R.P. service—except the belated supply of one warden's hat, one warden's armlet, and one official-type gas-mask.

Danger Zone

Yet the district is in the danger zone, near important war factories.

So all the inhabitants can do is hope that the London area won't be heavily bombed in future—and that they won't be knocked flat by typhoid or tuberculosis.

Youngest V.C.

Best-known victim of tuberculosis today is ex-flight sergeant John Hannah, the war's youngest V.C.

A fine lad. So fine that he shouldn't have to appear, white-faced and nervous, on the stage.

In the Spotlight

We don't blame him for trying to "get a living somehow." But we don't admire the entertainer who persuaded him to appear on the stage and thereby focused the spotlight on his own show.

No other war heroes, we trust, will be either exhibited or exploited.

Can't Be Done

But young John Hannah's twice-nightly turn raises a bigger question.

He has a wife and child to keep. His pension is £3 odd a week. He has had to dip into his savings.

Here's the question: How can the White Plague be fought unless its sufferers are assured of enough money to buy adequate food—and provided with the type of job they need?

Not Enough

No less important, of course, is the question of treatment.

It is no use blinking the fact that there just isn't adequate treatment available for tubercular ex-Servicemen—or civilians. The Government is at last trying to bridge the gap, but it has yet to satisfy us that it is doing all it could.

New Ministry

Nor is it showing much speed in providing that stroke of statesmanship needed to make the aeroplane a blessing instead of a curse when war is over.

A curse it will remain if cut-throat competition and national jealousies make it an agent of international friction. A blessing if international agreement *now* ensures that it will be used to the common good.

Wise statesmanship would set up a Ministry of Communications.

Example

The international post works smoothly enough.

Why shouldn't we have international air transport in the peace?

In the Queue

People in the market town of Bishop Auckland have another question for the authorities. They are simply asking: What is wrong?

They can't understand why women are being called for war work while so many men in the town are queueing up for unemployment benefit.

All for Friendship

We can't understand, either, why young women are allowed to conduct "pen pal" clubs and the like while older women are being directed into useful industry.

The other day we read how "lonely hearts need not throb in solitude any more," how Servicemen on leave could be introduced to "suitable" companions of the opposite sex for three guineas down.

A profitable business for the young woman who effects the introduction. But couldn't she be found some business more profitable to a nation at war?

● Sir John Anderson hints that the Government is considering a new scale of old-age pensions. The "consideration" should give recognition to the fact that the cost of living figures have gone up by 99 points since 1914.

So the real value of the present 10s. pension is less than the smaller pension of 1914. Not much "social progress" in that!

Waste of Skill

Better that than—to quote one case we know—to call up a man who has been making anti-submarine devices since war began.

For all his twelve years' experience as a toolmaker, for all the need to combat the U-boat, he's now being turned into a Service lorry driver.

Similarly, we hear of an armoured artificer sweeping roads and delivering loads of coal.

Balloon Girls

It's a relief, however, to hear that girls of doubtful physique are at last being withdrawn from the Balloon Barrage.

One other common-sense reform should be adopted by the R.A.F. Girls whose homes are in Scotland should no longer be posted to sites in Southern England—and *vice versa*.

"Is that journey really necessary?"

Low Farming

More than necessary, absolutely imperative, is the "rural reconstruction" for which the Agricultural Research Council suggests a nation-wide survey of housing, drainage, transport and other factors.

As the report says, land workers' opportunities and amenities of life are still inadequate; the standards of farming practice are "often too low."

But, so, also, are official facilities for agriculture.

Left to Rot

Thus it is that in Lincolnshire you can see heap upon heap of sugar-beet left to rot.

Sugar factories are within easy reach. But the farmers just can't get the transport they want.

Ploughing, manuring, seeding, singling, pulling and chopping have, therefore, come to naught.

That scandal mustn't recur in this all-important year!

Advance Note

But it will happen again unless plans are made well in advance.

Labour and transport should, indeed, be arranged now unless next season's harvest is to be marred by confusion and waste.

Made in Germany

There'd be further waste if some of our correspondents had their way. Indignantly they send us socks and scarves and novelties they have recently bought and which are clearly marked: "Made in Germany."

They needn't worry. It's old stock. So why shouldn't it be used to eke out our home-made supplies?

Private Hire

Much more puzzling are the discri[mi]nations apparent in petrol rationing.

One reader has a private hire c[ar] which deals with many hospital ca[ses]. His petrol allowance has again been c[ut].

His friend has two cars of the sa[me] horse-power, both owner-driven, so th[at] the two cannot both be in use at the sa[me] time. Yet he has suffered no cut.

Where It's Needed

On the other hand, some Governme[nt] Departments aren't discriminati[ng] enough.

They are too apt to give employment t[o] men of dubious character, too tolerant [of] doubtful sub-contractors.

We have given examples in the rec[ent] past. One more will serve for th[e] present.

Dud Cheques

A firm of sub-contractors for a Serv[ice] establishment has saddled the tradesm[en] of a Home Counties town with worthl[ess] cheques for large amounts.

The main contractors deny liabili[ty]. Nor can any action be taken again[st] Whitehall, which didn't engage the s[ub]-contractors.

Moral Duty

But we suggest that though Whitehall has no legal responsibility, it certainly has a moral one.

It should ensure that firms engaged on State business are not likely to flout the ethics of the State.

Secret Store

Whitehall should also inquire about a secret store, privately owned, of goods alleged to be worth some £100,000. They include rubber articles, electrical equipment, and metal parts in great demand for tanks.

Are these stocks being held in reserve against a blitz? Perhaps. But we imagine there are ample reserves in Britain. And it is whispered that the stores may have been accumulated to enable the firm to make a flying start against its competitors after the war.

Private or Public?

That may be a lying report. We trust it is—only officialdom could possibly settle the doubt.

But we have no doubt in our own mind that all stores of war materials should be officially, not privately, owned.

Z to Y

Typical of officialdom is the registration form circulated to retailers whose shops have shut down owing to the war.

A formidable document. It has a schedule of fifty-two trades, and the retailer has to enter reference numbers for the trades applicable in a panel numbered Z. If he wants more space, he is gravely ordered to turn over the form and continue his writing on panel Y.

The official who thought up that one is probably trying now to find a new alphabet on which to exhaust his ingenuity.

Same Post

Finally, it's a pity that accompanying the official letters of condolence to a Leeds councillor whose only son was killed on a bombing raid over Germany was a bill for 8d. in respect of the dead boy's laundry.

Petty bills are hardly in keeping with the news of gallant death.

Behind the News

● **Baron Neurath is one of the "moderates"—now boosted by Goebbels—to be used as a vehicle for peace overtures.**

● *German generals, banking on these moves, have persuaded Hitler to shorten front lines until Germany looks like an unassailable fortress.*

● Six thousand Viennese aircraft workers struck last month for shorter hours and higher wages, declared they would rather be shot than give in—and won.

● **News of this success has spread to Bavaria, where workers are getting restless.**

● *So Nazis have shot forty workers in Bavaria and Austria to discourage others.*

● Remaining Hungarian and Rumanian troops may be withdrawn from Russia because of their effect on German army morale.

● **Internal Bulgarian crisis is at its peak. Hitler wants to force Bulgar army to fight Russia—but soldiers are nearly all Slavs and threaten mutiny.**

● *Black Bourse operations throughout Europe, run by Gestapo racketeers, reveal a rush to buy sterling and dollars.*

● Despite all denials, big issues hang on visit of U.S.A. Archbishop Spellman to Madrid and Rome.

● **Nazis offer big money and extra food to Balkan women able to "fetch, carry and cook" for labour camps near fortification works.**

● *Safe arrival of battleship "Richelieu" in U.S.A. is one result of rounding up of Nazi spy networks in French Africa. Others will soon be evident.*

SOCIAL SECURITY OR SHAM?

THE Government will have to act quickly to restore the faith of the great majority of the public.

It has been warned, in the Beveridge Debate, that the people are dismayed, disappointed and disgusted..

It must realise that they are also angry.

They are determined not to allow the hope of social reform to wither and die. Regarding the Beveridge Plan as a symbol of even bigger things to come, they have resolved that it shall be neither mutilated nor smothered.

It is for Ministers to fulfil their wishes—not fob them off with specious excuses and ingenious arguments.

And our Ministers must get on with the job or take the consequences.

One hundred and nineteen M.P.s trooped into the division lobby to vote against the Government. But for the realisation that we are in the most pregnant phase of the war, but for the pleading appeals of the Conservative managers, the "Noes" would have been far more numerous.

Even so, the adverse vote shocked the Government.

But a far worse shock was given by the Government to the people.

Having broken the backbone of the Beveridge Plan, gouged out one eye and blacked the other, the Government proceeded to promise that it would carefully nurse the cripple!

The foundation of the scheme had been wrecked. The Cabinet would not hear of Sir William's key proposal for a new Ministry of Social Security.

No. The fight against Want and Misery must be left to half a dozen departments that often seem more concerned with fighting each other.

It must be left to the quibbling officials who once showed such painful dexterity in applying the Means Test screw but have never demonstrated that warm-hearted imagination by which the Beveridge scheme can alone be carried out.

That was one major mutilation. The only first aid available was a suggestion—*a suggestion*—that maybe, sometime, the Cabinet would devise a social security board in place of the proposed Ministry.

Then came other shocks.

Sir William had advised that unemployment and disability benefit should be paid, with certain safeguards, for an unlimited time without a Means Test of any kind.

That was too much for the apostles of Economy First. Sir William's advice was turned down.

OLD age pensions were to be made a subject for haggling.

"It may be," said the official spokesman, that the Government would start off by paying "somewhat higher" old age pensions than Sir William recommended.

That was indeed a JOHN BULL demand directly the Beveridge Report was issued. But JOHN BULL does not believe that "may be" and "somewhat" will provide much hope for the old people who are now living in penury.

And in return for those dubious half-promises Sir William's plan for adequate retirement pensions is apparently to be shelved!

Moreover, the questions of widows' pensions and workmen's compensation are to be "deferred."

Maternity benefits are to be ignored. The proposed marriage grant has been forgotten.

But wait! The Government is perfectly willing to scrap the approved societies.

They, of course, make no profit.

But the Government is not willing to convert the industrial assurance companies into a public service.

They, of course, make big profits.

So you will not be surprised to hear that, following the Government announcement, the Stock Exchange registered a ten shilling rise in the price of leading industrial insurance shares!

However, we are doled out with some concessions.

At last there are to be children's allowances. Equal benefits for unemployment and sickness. Funeral grants. And some reform of the health services—though in a manner which will certainly not be a complete cure for the present chaos, overlapping and inadequacy.

So much for the actual details.

Not all the dreary platitudes of Sir John Anderson, the chuckling vapidities of Sir Kingsley Wood, or the debating skill of Mr. Morrison could persuade the people of this country that such wreckage of a Plan could offer guarantees of post-war social justice.

The Government's betrayal of the people's hopes has had the same effect as a military disaster.

But the effect of a military victory would have been gained had our leaders seized the opportunity offered to them.

As Mr. Arthur Greenwood has said, there is "no better way of heartening the war effort than by proving to the people the sincerity of the Government in fulfilling the pledges which it has already given to the world."

The Government has gone some part of the way towards honouring those pledges.

It is prepared to carry out some of the Beveridge reforms and is also busy with other essential plans for the peace.

But—and this is the point—the people want the whole of the Beveridge Plan. They regard it as a touchstone of the Government's intentions towards other reforms.

AND they are appalled to hear that it must be largely scrapped, or at the best left in abeyance, because of the cost involved.

They do not believe that this country cannot afford the "luxury" of reform.

They believe, with a Conservative speaker, that the talk of cost is a verbal red herring.

What the Plan proposed was really a redistribution of the nation's wealth—a sharing out of the money available so that the vast bulk of the population should not exist in perpetual fear of Want.

If that were done, no question would arise whether such a necessity as the Plan could be afforded or not.

We do not deny water to the great mass of the people because "the country can't afford it."

We lay on the water and share the cost.

Adequate food and health services, provision against worklessness, assurance of decent existence for people too old to work, are no less necessary.

What guarantee can there be of a Better Britain if they are still regarded by our Government as costly luxuries?

What confidence can be felt by the millions of war workers who are toiling as never before?

What satisfaction can be felt by the men and women in the Services?

What hope can any of us have that our leaders will be equal to the task of world-wide reconstruction if they jib like frightened mares at one problem of domestic reconstruction?

They have been warned by one Conservative "moderate"—Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P.—that "If you do not give the people social reform, the people will give you social revolution."

That is as grim a declaration as has ever been uttered in the Commons.

The Government would be wise to heed it. For the people of Britain are not cynically despondent; they are angrily resolute.

They will not be mollified by excuses or speeches. They will be satisfied with nothing less than action of the kind they demand.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By the Editor

Strange Party that Needs More Probing

DEMAND is growing that Mr. Herbert Morrison should ban the British National Party.

We disagree with that demand.

It should not be permitted obscurity until there has been a full revelation of facts on which it is strangely reticent.

Who, for instance, is behind it and its call for a negotiated peace with Hitler?

One name only has been revealed—that of Mr. Edward Godfrey, described as its organiser.

We do not know the name of a single sponsor, official, committee-man or even member. And Mr. Godfrey says definitely that he will not reveal names.

And we know little enough about Mr. Godfrey.

★ ★ ★

Except that he is an ex-sailor, was once personal messenger to Admiral Sir Barry Domvile, now interned in Brixton Jail under 18b, and is in the fish trade at Hayes, Middlesex, we know nothing.

The Party declares its loyalty to King and Country, and advocates "the abolition of bureaucratic control."

However, the allegation is that they are Fascists, that the British National Party is the British Union of Fascists under a new title, that it is part of its policy to secure the negotiated peace that alone can save Germany from crushing defeat.

Most people first heard of this Party on September 10 last, when Mr. Morrison announced that he was "watching" it.

Since then it has sought to organise a march to the Cenotaph with a wreath inscribed "You have been betrayed."

It has circulated glowing tributes to Hitler's financial acumen.

It has preached anti-Semitism. It has attacked Russia.

It has referred to trade unionism as "exploitation."

★ ★ ★

It has made references to our American ally not unlike those being put out by German broadcasting stations.

But it has persistently refused to say who is behind it.

Recently, a young man was arrested at its offices, accused of passing under another name, and dodging the Army.

He flared up at the detective: "As a member of the British Union of Fascists——"

The Party maintains that he happened to be on the premises.

So we are denied the satisfaction of feeling that we know the name of a second person connected with the organisation.

There's certainly a lot to be explained about the British National Party—a lot which the Party itself won't explain.

If Mr. Morrison has found any of it out in his six months of "watching" he should let us know. And then, if the banning of this organisation is merited, he should ban it forthwith.

OPEN LETTERS

The DUKE OF NORFOLK, Ministry of Agriculture

YOUR GRACE,—New wildernesses are appearing in this fertile land of ours.

One example is well known to me: a great tract of country in a county famous for its rugged beauty.

Last year it was cleared. Farms were sold up. Little hamlets were emptied. Hard-working folk lost the homes they had prized for many years.

The district was required for tank exercises.

But the tanks soon disappeared. Some were lost in the bogs which, as I could have told the Service chiefs, are a hidden characteristic of the place.

And now the area is uninhabited and desolate, untilled and useless.

I am told of a great strip of the richest agricultural land in the North, where tanks are breaking down stone walls, hedges, iron fences and gates; where a public road has been made so impassable that local people have to travel miles in order to avoid it.

Yet hundreds of acres of common fell land adjoin the site and could surely have been used for Service exercises.

As a farmer yourself, you will no doubt regret the waste of good agricultural land. As a member of the Government, you will appreciate the need for growing every possible ounce of food in this year when our shipping requirements for the Second Front must reduce our imports.

The Services must have ample space for their work, I agree. But, wherever possible, they should be content with land which is of no value for farming.

In future, therefore, your Ministry should be more chary of giving way to Service demands by which our countryside is made to grow not more, but less.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I like the look of the new Utility furniture. But I doubt if the bombed-out or newly married couples will find real comfort unless their homes have floor coverings.

Bare boards make the newest furniture appear cheerless.

Lino. is scarce. A carpet which cost £10 before the war is unobtainable at less than £25; the poorest rug nowadays eats up several pounds.

And I have waited in vain for an announcement of a cheap Utility range of carpets.

Yet the evergreen tapestry and medium chenille grade of Axminster, I am assured, is made from a minimum of wool that is of too poor a quality for most woollen cloths. Cotton waste and sisal could be used for backing.

The residue of labour left in Kidderminster will not be needed for war work. Unless it is employed on products which the public can afford to buy, the carpet firms may have to close down.

Here, then, is your opportunity.

Utility floor coverings can and should be made.

Satisfy the demand, and you will bring down the excessive prices of high-grade carpets.

You will brighten the lives of war workers.

And—to hint at the seamy side of domestic life—you will prevent much annoyance to the folk who live "in the flat below."—JOHN BULL.

Capt. HAROLD BALFOUR, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—Are promises of a prosperous peace so much eye-wash? Are we to return to poverty and "dole" queues?

The war workers who will need fresh jobs when Berlin and Tokio are captured, the fighting men who will hand in their uniforms, are ready with an emphatic answer—so emphatic that it may shock you and some other Conservative Members of the Government.

Airily you announce that it would be easy to give our people security against unemployment.

But this, you lament, would mean regimentation of labour. We should have to keep some of the work-finding measures we have used during the war.

Evidently you do not like those measures. Aren't we fighting for liberty? you ask. After which you suggest we ought to think more of providing decent unemployment benefits than such reforms as children's allowances.

Well, it's even more important to prevent mass unemployment than to provide bigger and better "doles."

And it's grimly important that quite a few Big Business magnates and politicians are thinking up excuses for unemployment.

They, unlike you, think it would be impossible to provide work for all.

The country couldn't afford it! The country—except themselves—will be bankrupt after the war!

Like you, they usually add something about "liberty."

Liberty to roam the streets in a vain search for a job? Liberty to despair? Liberty to starve?

Or liberty to be trained for a new job when a man's trade becomes derelict and obsolete?

I, for one, have no doubt of the people's answer. It will prove that the great mass of the public prefers Bevin to Balfour.—JOHN BULL.

Quietness is Strange

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

REVISITING the North of England after a lapse of more than two years, I found myself unwittingly drawing comparisons.

I went to Hull. I saw the blitz damage—those great terrible scars on the city's face. But I found the people cheerfully determined, and there was a purpose behind the life of the town.

Incidentally for the first time for many months I saw shop windows full of fish and no queues to buy it. Don't ask me to explain this; it's just one of those anomalies that happen in war time.

After London the streets of the Northern towns seem strangely quiet and deserted. But what a welcome sign that quiet is, especially to one like myself who remembers the dark years when idle, embittered men lounged on street corners and prayed and pleaded for work.

Over the quiet streets of the North is the pleasing sight of smoke—smoke pouring from industrial chimneys, belching from iron and steel works, rolling up in lazy spirals from shipbuilding yards.

★ ★ ★

All around me I knew that the wheels of the industrial machine of the North, thrown into the scales against the Axis, were turning night and day, translating labour and material into terms of tanks and guns and 'planes.

The quiet streets served only as a façade to the busy, toiling workshops. The quiet homes would resound at some hours of the day and night to the trample of heavy boots.

I saw girls everywhere—working like Trojans. In a flour mill women—some of them slender and seemingly fragile—were handling sacks of flour and driving heavy trucks.

These glimpses of the nation at work were the outward and visible signs of the country's determination to get on with the job in hand.

In the faces of the workers I saw a certain quietness which was like the quietness of the streets—a quiet which boded ill for Hitler when last trial of strength is staged "over there."

And in this quiet strength I sensed an equally steadfast determination to win the peace as well as the war.

★ ★ ★

Schoolmaster Beveridge has been abroad. He has taught well.

His lessons have come at the right time. And, somehow, I feel that the pupils—the men and women who toil and sweat and fight—will not let the schoolmaster down, whatever obstacles may be placed in their way by anti-social "examiners."

In quietness, not in anger or loud boasting, does a nation, like an individual, find the true strength of will and purpose.

We have that quietness in full measure. It is growing more intense, more deadly as the climax of the war approaches.

And in the end the quiet resolve of the people will prevail—in peace as well as in war.

Sir CORNELIUS GREGG, Chairman, Board of Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR,—You must be a sad and envious man.

Fantastic profits are being made—but you cannot tax them.

Recently I have given examples of inflated prices for house property. I have told of a four-roomed bungalow in Scotland for which the owner demands a minimum sum of £1,250.

A Scottish reader doesn't think much of my figures. He has just had to pay £1,720 for a four-roomed bungalow that cost £600 in 1934!

And it is not a freehold property.

This reader suggests that "It is about time the Government put a stop to the profiteering rampant in Scotland."

I can assure him that the evil is not confined to north of the Tweed. I might add that I have for months been urgently demanding official action.

I confess I have failed.

Moreover, I have little hope that the Government will even authorise you to tax the grotesque rises in capital values which are a feature of the Home Front war.

Those diamonds bought for £1,000 a year ago—and now are fetching £3,000.

That cloth priced at 2s. 11d. a yard two years ago—and is now being brought down from the shelf and priced at 7s 11d. And so on.

Untaxable they may be, these price rises that stimulate inflation and weaken the nation's war effort. But at least the Government should have given you power to tax the increases in land values.

It would have been better than taxing the 50s-a-week wage earners.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT BUDD, Hero of Malta

DEAR MR. BUDD,—I am sorry you have been accused of "a dirty trick." But I think the public will return a verdict of "Not guilty."

If I may, I should like to act as your defending counsel against your critic, the Minister of Pensions.

Let me therefore deal with your offence quite frankly.

You received twenty-six leg wounds. A compound fracture of the knee. A wound in the cheek. Your right arm has lost its elbow. Your left hand is minus its index finger.

There is not, I submit, any offence in suffering so much for your country.

Recovering from your injuries, you were offered a job. A job that would have involved twelve hours work a day. You turned it down.

There surely cannot be any offence, either, in a maimed man declining to work very long hours.

But you limped up the gangway of a hall to speak for a non-Government candidate at a by-election. You confronted the Minister of Pensions himself.

That, I suppose, is your "offence." The Minister had to meet one of his own cases!

I see no harm in that. In a free, democratic country it is surely possible for a crippled ex-Serviceman to speak on behalf of the fighting man's widow who receives only 25s. a week? He is surely entitled to express the feelings of the fully disabled man who gets 37s. 6d.—"2s. 6d. less than in the last war, and with no tribunal to take a second hearing"?

If that indeed be the basis for the charge against you, then Press and Parliament might as well be gagged.—JOHN BULL.

HUSH-HUSH HEROES—No. 4

Faced Death to Test the Balloons

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

★ In the excitement when some new war weapon goes into action we seldom pause to reflect that, often, a brave man has had to take terrible risks to make sure that it works. Here's the story of one of the most daring of them.

NEW, faster Spitfires, plus an extra propeller blade taking a whale-size bite of air—more power, higher ceiling, swifter climbing.

Vultee Vanguards — slamming from 0 to 15,000 ft. in four minutes. 2,000-h.p. Thunderbolts — top-flight fighters jumping power and performance higher than "Jerry" can hope to reach.

"Odd Job" Ed Clouston has tried them all.

Blueprint-fresh 'planes have been shipped and flown to Ed across the Atlantic.

He gives them the works, suggests improvements. And whole grand-scale production programmes are reshaped to suit him.

What Ed says goes!

A new-type aero engine was buttoned into a 'plane. Ed tracked up to normal flight level, testing. He could find nothing but a flock of okehs for his flight record.

But he had a hunch.

He zipped her to another 5,000 ft.—a mile of height under the belt.

The engine packed up.

The whine of the wind changed to the yowl of a requiem.

Better men would have baled out.

Only "Odd Job" Ed could have veered from a death-dive into an unflurried glide that didn't even become a crash landing.

Parking the 'plane, he didn't even light a cigarette.

He's a non-smoker, non-drinker. Not a soul guessed—as he sauntered across the tarmac—he'd just diced with death and won the gamble.

Before the War

Wing Commander Arthur Ed Clouston isn't a test pilot. Deliberately trying to crack up new, untried machines could be kid's stuff to some of his jobs.

Is his name familiar? You knew him before the war as a record-breaker.

He zumped to New Zealand in four days. And non-stop Croydon to the Cape in forty-five hours—in a four-year-old 'plane.

His Cary Grant-Gary Cooper features looked well on the news-reels.

It was front-page stuff in those days when our chief thought about flying was how it could enable us to cover space quickly in normal peaceful travelling.

Ed took the Job

Then he vanished from the headlines. Few people knew he'd gone into R.A.F. experimental flying.

He's been a mystery man ever since.

Before Britain staged her balloon barrage, someone had to find out whether the "sausage fence," deadly in theory, would be deadly in fact.

Ed took the job on.

It meant flying into a balloon barrage deliberately, smashing up 'planes and baling out—if his luck held.

First time he tried, the 'plane shrilled into the wire, slewed round—and down. Ed was knocked black and blue.

The cable, drawn across the wooden wing, started sawing it through. There was such a stench of burning that Ed thought the 'plane was ablaze.

It was merely the scorching friction of the cable being whipped across the wing at terrific speed.

Then the wire broke free—skimmed past Ed's head . . . and his 'plane limped on.

They tried again.

To economise with balloons they experimented with a loose cable hanging from a tethered "Urcula."

Wing Commander Clouston was in the news before the war

This time the wire caught in the prop and whipped round the fuselage with hurricane force.

Ed literally ducked for his life. It was a miracle he wasn't beheaded.

The cable snicked half the top off the 'plane.

Next time Ed went up he wore a crash helmet—and his cockpit was covered with tough wire meshing.

He faced death with systematic monotony.

Gradually he found that one kind of cable would saw the wing halfway through. Another longer cable would slice the wing three-quarters through.

One day he went up after a thunderstorm—and electrified his 'plane with the currents the balloon had absorbed.

Eventually he brollied for life from a wingless 'plane.

He'd found the perfect cable. Tensile strength: 200 tons to the square inch.

But, just to make sure, he had to try it again.

The rest of the story still cannot be told.

But one job was no sooner finished than Ed faced another.

Ice—more than flak—was the devilish danger of our first raids on Germany.

Thickening on wings and ailerons in deadly seconds, it could literally freeze a bomber while flying.

In Howling Blizzards

De-icing devices were only partly successful.

Clouston faced up to this Gremlin.

Watching the ice like a cat lapping cream, he flew into howling blizzards—and alternately tried out laboratory tests in pressure chambers reproducing the height effects of 35,000 ft.

A candle flame dies long before that height is reached. A man's body turns blue for lack of oxygen. Every move of the controls is a slogging match.

Clouston followed through

Thanks to such experiments as his, you rarely hear of ice gremlins now, even for stratosphere bombers.

And to-day?

Helping Night Fighters

"Odd Job" Ed is helping the development of night fighters. And thereby hangs one of the few yarns that the other back-room boys dare to tell about this amazing thirty-four-year-old New Zealander.

It seems he was trying out a hush-hush machine.

Trouble developed. Ed came down in a field, made his own running repairs on the spot.

Then came the riddle—a perilously short take-off.

Damaging the machine at the take-off might have set production back several months.

Ed knows when to take chances—and when not.

He called in armament workers from a near-by factory, commandeered hundreds of duckboards for use as a runway, chopped down hedges.

He made himself, in fact, an airfield in an hour

Pity one can't say more about the extraordinarily good work of Ed Clouston. What a story it is going to make after the war!

YOUR CASABLANCA

MR. CHURCHILL has told us that all the plans laid at Casablanca will be carried through within the next nine months.

They are all-out plans for hitting the enemy as hard as we know how.

One of the ways in which everyone may join in is by making a special effort to eclipse all previous salvage records.

Make up your mind to go "all out" during the next nine months in collecting all the waste paper, scrap metal, and rubber you can lay your hands on.

Converted into munitions of war, these waste products may well help to tip the scale of Victory.

More Salvage Stewards are needed to organise waste collection on a national basis. Application should be made to your local council.

Don't delay. Start your own offensive *now*!

Who Says Thirteen Isn't Lucky?

"I'M afraid this is it, fellows," said Ted, his voice a little unsteady.

The huge Lancaster bomber, badly hit by flak, was plunging unevenly far above the sea of flames that was Turin, answering only partly to the controls in his hands, and Ted's lips twisted in a wry smile as the thought flashed across his mind that this was his thirteenth operational trip.

★ ★ ★

The odd damage here and there didn't matter so much. Lancasters were built to take that sort of punishment. But what did matter was that a great hole had been blown through the port inner engine, which was pouring out petrol.

Ted's voice went hard with purpose. "Navigator and flight engineer! Work out whether we can get to the English coast—or even the Channel—on the gas we've got left. Quickly!"

Within a few moments the information came that with its present low maximum speed the aircraft could just reach the English coast if a straight and accurate course were kept.

"But we can't afford any petrol for weaving," the navigator warned him.

"O.K." Ted had made up his mind. "Course for England, please!"

Then the quick order: "Throw overboard everything you can."

Only the man in the mid upper turret, who had already pumped one burst of fire at a Macchi 200 that had dared to approach within 600 yards of the Lancaster, was allowed to hang on to his beloved armament.

Down the flare shute went everything else that could be moved.

The Lancaster was well above the oxygen safety height, and it was an amazing tribute to will-power that those of the crew who were too far away to plug in to the oxygen supply managed to retain consciousness.

Thereafter the crew had the infinitely more nerve-wracking task of simply doing nothing, nursing their patience, and hoping as much as they dared.

The reduction in weight had added a few knots to the air speed, and that cheered the boys.

But the flak did not!

★ ★ ★

The Lancaster had to pass over several hotly defended areas—*and had to fly straight and level.*

Fortunately for its crew, the Nazi ground gunners were not as accurate as they might have been, and the crippled monster ploughed steadily on towards the northern coast of Europe.

Every ten minutes the petrol gauges were anxiously checked—and they certainly gave cause for anxiety!—while Ted nursed the great aircraft along at a reasonable height, in case another engine cut out and the crew had to take to their parachutes.

The strain was at its greatest as the Lancaster came out of Europe and began its last lap over the sea, for nobody relished the ironical possibility of having to step out into the drink with home almost within their grasp.

A whoop of joy from the bomb-aimer, who had been straining his eyes gazing downwards through the glass floor in the nose of the plane, told the crew that he had sighted land.

★ ★ ★

Ted had brought the Lancaster back to the point aimed at, with damn-all petrol to spare!

An aerodrome, answering their S O S, flashed permission for an emergency landing, and Ted brought the huge machine down as steadily as he could.

The port outer engine "cut" as the wheels touched the runway. The petrol supply was out!!

They got a welcome that was pretty nearly as warm as the rum-laden tea dished out from the station mess. Then they trooped in to report to the intelligence officer for the routine investigation.

"Well, you see, sir," began Ted, "it was my thirteenth op. . . ."

PATRICK SPENCER.

WHAT THE LAST GERMAN CALL-UP MEANS

HOW is Germany reacting to the last desperate call to arms and work? Already evidence is seeping through that the new austerity and total war decrees have bewildered the mass of the people.

Herr and Frau Mueller (the Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Germany) have clearly been stunned by the new measures.

The last ten years have meant "total war" to them, and what the Nazi government has asked from them certainly justified their belief that they had reached the limit of exertion.

They have toiled for long hours and at low wages and have lived hard whether they worked in factory or office, kept a small shop, or were just running a home under the difficulties of stringent war time conditions.

★ ★ ★

Of course, the Nazi profiteers of Hitler's campaigns of loot and conquest will no longer be able to indulge at the luxury hotels and restaurants.

And industrialists and businessmen who have made millions out of the exploitation of occupied countries will have to give up nearly all their gains.

But it will be these Muellers, the ordinary average German family, who will be chiefly affected.

Most shops within a couple of miles radius from their homes have been closed. If Frau Mueller wants to go shopping she cannot rely on getting a place in either tram or 'bus because services have been so ruthlessly cut down.

There will henceforth be even less to buy in the shops since the authorities hint menacingly that home cooking and ordinary household activities will eventually have to cease completely.

If, as they now say, a man can no longer count on finding a warm fire or a square meal when he comes home from work, the whole of Germany will be forced to take advantage of preparations for all-round communal feeding which are rapidly going ahead.

★ ★ ★

Banks, with their staffs halved by the recent Order, will close down most of their local branches.

Insurance companies will amalgamate. Clerks will quickly be sent to factory or fighting line.

And even if Mueller is a skilled mechanic, hitherto regarded as an indispensable war worker, he will probably be forced to don uniform and work in one of the Wehrmacht's front-line tank or 'plane repair shops.

Frau Mueller, even if she has a small child to look after, will take his place at the factory bench.

She will be joined by cooks and kitchen hands from thousands of restaurants, by cashiers and ushers from theatres and cinemas.

Shopkeepers, once Hitler's most loyal supporters, the people to whom he promised heaven on earth, are being swept into the mill of Germany's total effort.

Most of their shops will be closed and their stocks will be taken over by the Party.

If any of the Muellers are allowed to retain their jobs, if transfer to new ones still keeps them inside Germany, they will work longer hours than ever before.

★ ★ ★

Even when the day's work is done they will not enjoy the relaxation, so dear to them, of half an hour in one of those German beerhouses—the very element from which Nazism sprang.

They, too, are being closed down since there is no genuine beer to sell. Three to five cigarettes per day, the maximum ration allowed for men only, will not make their lot happier.

Nazi commentators stress that grumbling and any opposition to the new measures will not be tolerated.

All this heralds a grim fight to the finish.

BUT it brings Hitler to the very end of Germany's resources.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

INSIDE HITLER'S F

★Likely developments within the ring Hitler hopes to throw round himself will have an important bearing on the attack which will be made on it from outside

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE winter is passing and we stand on the brink of the great offensive. Our offensive. We no longer dance to Hitler's tune. Henceforth he dances to ours. The mighty stream of events that was set in motion in Egypt and on the Volga last November has settled that.

Hitler's scheme of world conquest is dead. He is encircled in his European fortress as securely as his great army was encircled before Stalingrad, and he should suffer the same fate as that to which he doomed a quarter of a million Germans.

In calculating Hitler's chances of sustaining the siege, it is not only the power of the attack that has to be reckoned with.

THAT, OF COURSE, IS THE MAIN CONSIDERATION. THE FORTRESS MUST BE REDUCED FROM WITHOUT BEFORE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISION OF A TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BERLIN AND ROME IS ACHIEVED.

It may be assumed that in falling back on the defensive Hitler (or whoever else henceforth controls the German strategy) will cut his losses to the utmost on the Eastern Front.

After the revelation of Russia's military might and genius, there will be no more adventures in Russia. Moscow now should be as safe from seizure as London, and the dream of rivers of oil from the Caucasus has vanished.

The object will be to hold the shortest practicable line on Russian soil at the minimum of cost, for the coming storm in the West will call for all the available resources at the command of Germany.

But no break through on the Russian front which would leave Berlin itself open to immediate attack can be risked. And with Russia's armies pressing on in the full tide of victory, it is not to be supposed that Hitler will be allowed to shorten and deplete his line to suit his own necessities.

Stalin has as urgent a wish to be in Berlin as Hitler had to be in Moscow. And it may well be that he will reach the rendezvous before we do.

★ ★ ★

It is this peril at the eastern wall that bedevils German strategy. For behind the enemy's main battle line lies the fortress continent with five thousand miles of vulnerable coast-line.

And outside this coast-line the mightiest aggregation of striking power on earth.

That power commands the air. It commands the sea. It can choose its own time to attack. It can choose its own place of attack.

And Hitler, knowing neither the time nor the place, and with that terrible Russian front on his hands, has to be prepared to meet the deluge wherever it may come, from

Antonescu, the quisling of Rumania, was ready enough to toady to Hitler when he thought Germany would win

the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay, or along the whole margin of the Mediterranean.

And he has to meet it with his fuel, his transport and his man-power resources drained by nearly two years of catastrophic warfare in Russia.

This is the position that confronts the enemy so far as attack from without is concerned. Does it not suggest that a fortress is not necessarily more defensible because of its size?

MAY IT NOT PROVE THAT A FORTRESS AS BIG AS A CONTINENT, WITH SEVEN THOUSAND MILES OF FRONTIER TO DEFEND AND WITH NO CONTROL OF THE SEA IS *IPSO FACTO* DOOMED?

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But in sustaining a siege, it is not only the weight of attack from without that matters. The spirit and coherence of the garrison within is equally important. Many a fortress has survived the utmost rigours of a siege and has emerged victorious because of the unconquerable soul of the people within.

What of the soul of the garrison within Hitler's fortress? Is that a happy omen for Hitler to contemplate?

Is the spirit of Europe such that the peoples will perish rather than see Hitler and his Gestapo destroyed?

Let us leave out of consideration the *herrenvolk* themselves. Let us assume that the "master race" is prepared to die to the last man to assert its title to the possession of the earth.

It is a large assumption, for, as we know, Hitlerism has never in a free election polled even a majority of the German electorate.

★ ★ ★

BUT THE GERMANS ARE NOT MORE THAN A QUARTER OF THE POPULATION WITHIN HITLER'S FORTRESS. THE REST ARE ALL THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE WHOM, WITH BRUTAL VIOLENCE, HE HAS REDUCED TO SLAVERY.

Nations that have been murdered in their sleep, like Norway and Holland and Greece.

RTRESS

Nations they have put in chains because ey were deserted and helpless, like Czecho- vakia and Yugoslavia.

Nations that were betrayed by scoundrels d traitors like Mussolini and Laval, ntonescu and Pavelitch, Quisling and Seiss quart.

THEY HAVE BEEN PILLAGED AND TORTURED AND MASSACRED BY THE THOUSAND AND THE TEN THOUSAND.

They have been herded and left to die in ncentration camps by the hundred thou- nd.

They have been taken away like cattle to e slaughter or to labour like galley slaves r the barbarians who have outraged them.

Neither sex nor race, nor age has been ared. Neither justice, nor mercy, nor spect for law shown.

Hostages have been shot in batches by e score and the hundred, not because they re guilty, but because they were the cream the race to which they belonged.

All Europe is a shambles. All Europe is fested with Hitler's murder gangs. All rope runs with the blood of the innocent.

★ ★ ★ •

Does this mean that Hitler's fortress is rong within? Does it mean that the garri- n can be relied on to stand by him now s fortress is besieged?

These nations have not been conquered. ey have been terrorised by force and utality. But, as Burke said:

"Force may subdue for a moment. But it does not remove the necessity of subduing again, and a nation is not conquered which is perpetually to be conquered."

No, Europe has not been conquered. It s been numbed by horror, fear and an gy of Satanism, before which the mind of vilised man recoils in helpless silence.

BUT THE GREAT BLACK OUT IN EUROPE IS LIFTING. THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION IS NEAR, AND THROUGHOUT HITLER'S FORTRESS, AS THE CERTAINTY OF HIS DEFEAT TAKES SHAPE, THE OMENS OF REBELLION WITHIN INCREASE.

Sabotage in a variety of organised forms throwing grit into Hitler's war machine. verywhere the secret Press grows more aring.

As the tide turns the traitor quislings ke alarm at public sentiment.

Antonescu protests that he can send no ore victims to the Russian holocaust.

Horthy, in Hungary, wants to keep the emnants of his army to fight Rumania, not ussia.

The assassin Pavelitch, in Croatia, is eginning to fear his people more than he ars Hitler.

In Greece and Yugoslavia guerilla war- re becomes more formidable.

Events in North Africa have consolidated rench feeling against the unspeakable Laval, nd the Rome boadcasts have become a wail frank defeatism. And Norway——

But why continue? Hitler's fortress sts on a volcano. While he seemed invin- ible his Gestapo could hold the fortress hrough terrorism.

Now that he is reeling to his fall the olcano will swallow up the fortress from ithin.

★ The radio warning by Mr. R. G. Casey, our Middle East Minister, about the clever and unscrupulous propaganda with which the enemy is trying to drive a wedge between British and American people, needs to be taken seriously—as you'll see when you read these exclusive details of the plot

This happy picture of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at their meeting in Casablanca is the answer to Goebbels

Here's the Truth about a Big Lie

BUSY though he is on his own doorstep, this drive to cause ill-feeling and distrust between Americans and ourselves is one of Goebbels' main jobs at the moment.

It is good news to him that big American contingents arrive here.

He knows that one drunken brawler can cause trouble when a few hundred men from different counties meet.

Easier the job of a skilled propagandist when millions of men of two countries meet.

So he has created a department to keep these rumours circulating.

Have you, for instance, heard of the American soldier who asked a British Tommy the colour of the British flag, was told red, white and blue, and commented: "Haven't you forgotten one—yellow"?

From Berlin

It is one of the stories coined in Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda and Enlightenment and broadcast from a station three miles out of Berlin.

British official view based on the hour of broadcasting and other circumstances is that not more than 200 people in this country heard it.

Yet—so well do unthinking rumourists do the work of Germany—it has spread to every corner of this country, and thousands claim to have heard the American soldier sneer at our flag!

The same Nazi ministry has put out from the same station—but this time to American troops—that story in reverse, with the Briton insulting the American.

From the same German station (pretending to be British) we have been told of the Yank who gave pints of beer to two British soldiers with the words: "See if you can drink that up as quickly as you got out of Tobruk!"

That has been told to our Eighth Army—with embellishments.

Always Both Ways

So remember this: For every lie you carry round reflecting on the courage of our American allies there is a similar lie branding us as cowards.

Another seed of dissension which this Ministry of Enlightenment is sowing with lavish hand concerns the motives of the Americans in going to North Africa.

Truth: They have gone there as your Ally.

The lie: They have gone there to steal business from Britain.

A good example is the mock-British broadcast by the Nazis that the Americans are shipping American cotton cloth to North Africa.

Awkward, this, because British troops have seen Americans arrive with cotton goods.

But remember this about Goebbels—of all the lies, he prefers those that have some relation to truth. And what is the relation to truth in this case?

When the joint British-American expedition was planned we—who know something about Arabs—pointed out that goods ought to be carried for natives who preferred them to cash.

So we supplied the American army with good British cloth furnished by British industry through the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

And the world is told that here is proof that America is in this war to get big business.

The Nazis plug that line every day. Examples:

Broadcast 29: 12: 1942: "The belles of North Africa are going to be decked out soon in the latest of American Spring wear."

Clumsy, But . . .

Broadcast a few days later: "According to our new agreement with U.S., we are going to get some iron ore from Morocco and Algiers."

And 15: 1: 1943: "Americans are urging Chile to close down firms in which Axis countries have an interest. *This would be a very good thing.* There are British interests in most of the firms that are being closed."

See the suggestion? The Americans are driving us out of South America!

And 15: 1: 1943: "Under the terms of an agreement we have signed with U.S. we will get monthly consignments of fish from Iceland, in return for which we shall ship other foodstuffs to Iceland."

Suggestion: That American trade conquest of Iceland is complete, and we—having to pay with scanty food carried by our valuable shipping—are getting a scurvy deal.

And you are remembering all the time, of course, that all this information is supposed to be broadcast from Britain.

Some delightful double-edged propaganda has been put out, calculated to make each ally hate the other:

Best, undoubtedly (4: 1: 1943): "Eisenhower's strategy is blamed for the comparatively poor morale of our First Army."

More Subtle

Good runner-up (6: 11: 42): "The American papers have given *their* victory (*i.e.*, against Rommel!) banner headlines. It has pushed the news of the election into the background. Leader writers recall our failures in the desert."

But more subtle the fact that news from Casablanca was always given as reaching Britain *vid* America.

Suggestion this time: That Americans regarded it as a 100 per cent. U.S. show.

You probably know already that for years Americans were told that British people were prepared to do everything but the fighting, which we left first to the French, then to our Colonies, later to the Americans!

No day passes without Goebbels telling us that the Americans are leaving the fighting to us!

All the Americans want is a good time. Hence:

14: 1: 1943: "British coal is going to North Africa for our American Allies."

9: 1: 1943: "British girls can get the best pay and food in the homes of American officers."

3: 1: 1943: "Although our American guests are eating a great deal of the produce grown here, the bill is placed to our credit in lease-lend."

27: 12: 42: "Christmas trains presented a jovial picture with American soldiers going to stay with British hosts, and carrying bundles of their favourite foods in case their hosts didn't provide them with all the luxuries they like."

Christmas Nonsense

(Truth: American Army permitted no doughboy to travel more than three miles for Christmas hospitality, insisted that each should carry rations to help host in view of food rationing here.)

And best Yanks-have-all-the cream story (27:11:1942): "First supplies of Spanish oranges have been bought by the Americans, who were able to offer better terms than we. But our children and nursing mothers will have priority after the Americans have been served."

That broadcast contained the sinister suggestion that America had the ships to take the oranges away, but we didn't.

American authorities compute that no more than 2,000 people in America hear the lying broadcasts against us, which are counterparts of what we hear against Americans.

But there, as here, rumour-mongers carry the stories everywhere—and enlarge on them.

If you hear any of these stories don't circulate them. Let us know of any new variations and we will try to tell you the source.

And challenge the people who carry the rumours, particularly those who "saw it for themselves" or "got it from a highly placed man."

Rumour is the knife that Goebbels is sliding into your hand to kill your own!

MAURICE FAGENCE.

DON'T GO FARMING WITH GIDDINS & Co.!

IN the Ministry of Agriculture's schemes to increase home food production, mechanised farming naturally plays an important part.

That is one of the reasons why I am interested in the activities of a Mr. Frederick V. C. Giddins, who is described as a "pioneer of large-scale mechanised farming."

He plans to expand certain English farming interests in a big way, and is predicting high prospects for investors who support him

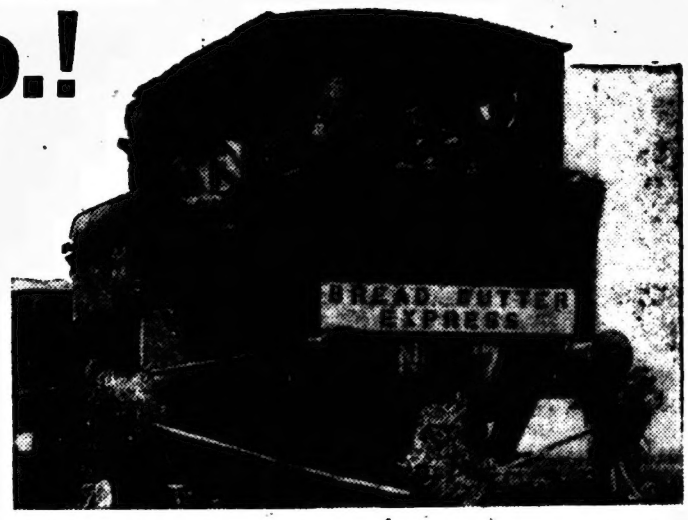
From various addresses, and in association with a man named Edward Cowperthwaite, who is described as an "Industrial Biologist," Mr. Giddins recently announced the promotion of a company to be called South Country Farmers, Ltd

It will exploit the benefits of a private syndicate which Mr. Giddins and others are said to have formed for the purpose of renting, buying or otherwise financing farms of all sizes for mechanised development.

South Country Farmers Ltd. will also aim to relieve harassed farmers and smallholders of any financial anxieties and provide them with means for the expansion of their holdings.

Messrs. Giddins and Cowperthwaite will share the distinction of being its first directors.

Though both are very rich in ideas they are not able to finance their schemes alone, so have embarked upon a campaign to raise capital for the purpose.



Mr. Hudson, Agriculture Minister (here seen at a farm show) should signal a warning about agricultural speculators

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

Prefers Small Investors

I should have thought that, in times like the present, it would not have been very difficult to find big financial backers for such a worthy project.

But Mr. Giddins is showing a marked preference for the "small investor," to whom he offers "unprecedented openings."

The investors he seeks are those he describes as "working" and "non-working."

Jobs will be found for those in the first category. They will be paid wages according to their knowledge, provided with free living accommodation, and enjoy all the benefits of large-scale mechanised farming.

In addition, it is suggested they will soon be reaping excellent dividends on their investments.

The "non-working" investors, it seems, will merely sit back and wait for the fat dividends which Mr. Giddins says are "assured."

In literature issued about this project many alleged agricultural achievements are attributed to Mr. Giddins, and are outlined in impressive style.

It is suggested that he has turned over hundreds of thousands of pounds in his time and brought off some stupendous deals for himself and his lucky followers.

In view of some of the things I have discovered about Mr. Giddins and his "Industrial Biologist" associate, my advice to all is to demand much greater security before parting with any money.

Those who may be inclined to invest because they hope to obtain lucrative employment should be doubly cautious. They stand to find themselves out of work as well as out of pocket.

In the first place, Mr. Giddins is not the outstanding agricultural expert he claims to be. And as a "pioneer of large-scale mechanised farming" he is quite unrecognised in leading agricultural circles.

On the contrary, he has been associated with various farming ventures which have achieved considerable notoriety.

Soon Disillusioned

Not long ago he was directing a company called British Mechanised Farms Ltd., which had several small farming interests in Sussex.

One was a farm at West Hill Place, Balcombe, near Hayward's Heath.

People who gave credit there were soon disillusioned about his supposed agricultural greatness.

Even employees of the company were left without wages.

Insurance cards were not stamped, so that when they claimed unemployment benefit they found themselves temporarily ineligible.

The stock-keeper on one of the Giddins' farms, relying on many promises that funds would soon be available, actually used his own savings to buy foodstuffs for pigs that would otherwise have been left starving.

As time went on he could only get his wages piecemeal, and in the end left his employment in disgust with over £200 still owing to him.

Complaints were made about this Balcombe venture to the East Sussex Agricultural Board, and finally British Mechanised Farms Ltd., together with Mr. Giddins faded from the district.

The concern was later wound up voluntarily.

Lost His Money

At one time Mr. Giddins was greatly interested in a patent feeding commodity for which much was predicted.

I know of one farmer who paid a good sum of money in advance for a consignment and was continually put off with excuses. He never received delivery of the goods and lost his money.

This particular sphere of his activities is additionally interesting because Mr. Giddins is also telling prospective investors that his colleague, Mr. Edward Cowperthwaite, holds certain rights in a fine cattle food substitute.

This, stresses Mr. Giddins, apart from helping to swell profits on individual investments, will greatly benefit the country generally.

Several other agricultural or farming concerns run in different parts by Mr. Giddins have ended in voluntary liquidation.

In April, 1936, Mr. Giddins was himself made bankrupt.

When he applied for his discharge it was granted subject to a suspension of six months.

300,000 Dollars

And what of his Industrial Biologist associate, Mr. Edward Cowperthwaite?

He is well known to Scotland Yard and to the American and Canadian police as a sharepusher.

Known also by the name of Edward Kendall, he was banished from Canada in 1938 following complaints from people to whom he had offered stock said to be worth 300,000 Canadian dollars.

Obviously, neither Giddings nor Cowperthwaite is the kind of person the Ministry of Agriculture wants to see exploiting mechanical farming in this country.

MYSTERY OF THE CHICKEN FOOD

SMALL poultry keepers in different parts of the country a few weeks ago received circulars from Mr. George H. Ridgeway, "Poultry Food Specialist," of Bridge Street, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Mr. Ridgeway stressed in these the scarcity of rationed poultry foodstuffs, and contended that scientific research should make it possible for a reliable feeding substitute to be obtained.

He had been fortunate, he went on, to complete a well-balanced ration (not scraps) which contained all the necessary proteins, vitamins, calcium, etc., and, being uncontrolled, could be offered for sale to all.

Poultry experts at the outset questioned how this could be done on anything like a wide scale, and Mr. Ridgeway himself admitted that his supplies were limited, so it would be wise to send orders at once.

Prospective buyers had also to send money in advance with a completed form which Mr. Ridgeway had been good enough to enclose with the circulars to facilitate matters.

Complaints are now arriving from people who sent money but have not yet received the promised supplies.

The High Wycombe headquarters are an empty lock-up shop at which letters have only been collected at intervals.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Overton, Bromley Road, Catford, London, S.E.6, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are appreciated concerning any scandal or ramp needing investigation or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

IS CHEERFULNESS TO BE DEPLORED?

● I am surprised at the protest from a reader that "all the boys and girls in Khaki or Navy or R.A.F. blue seem high-spirited and jolly, as if war were a great lark."

Cheerfulness, even in circumstances that would make some nations gloomy and grouchy, is a British characteristic.

It means that they realise that things could be worse—and also that, whatever they are, they might be better, and will be if they insist.

During the worst days of the blitz our national cheerfulness saved us. Not only the perils of the night but the even more trying inconveniences of the morning after were conquered by our insistence on a smile.

It would be a sorry day for us when this changes.

Other races may take it as a sign of our indifference. We know that a cheerful outlook towards calamity will save us, in the future, as it has in the past.

IS A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL NEEDED?

● Although it is a fashion among Methodists to give John Wesley praise for the reforms that soon began to follow his missionary pilgrimages, I have not noticed that so-called "spiritual revivals" have resulted in measures of political or social enfranchisement.

The Evan Roberts crusade had nothing to do with the Unemployment Insurance schemes that were implemented about that time.

What is needed is a higher ethical outlook—a greater recognition of one's duty towards one's fellows.

Ethical standards are as high among so-called "materialists" as they are among those who use the word "spiritual" glibly.

Bradlaugh, although an Atheist, was a great social reformer.

SHOULD FISH BE RATIONED?

● Certainly it is true that fish is less fairly distributed than any other kind of food. Some people have not tasted it for months.

Although rationing might equalise this a bit, the fact remains that it is very difficult to allow for the rationing of a commodity the amount of which is so liable to variation as are the harvests of the sea.

Rationing must guarantee a certain quantity. How can you do this in the case of fish, which is landed in uncertain places, in uncertain quantities, and at uncertain times?

Such a scheme would outwit the most expert of rationers.

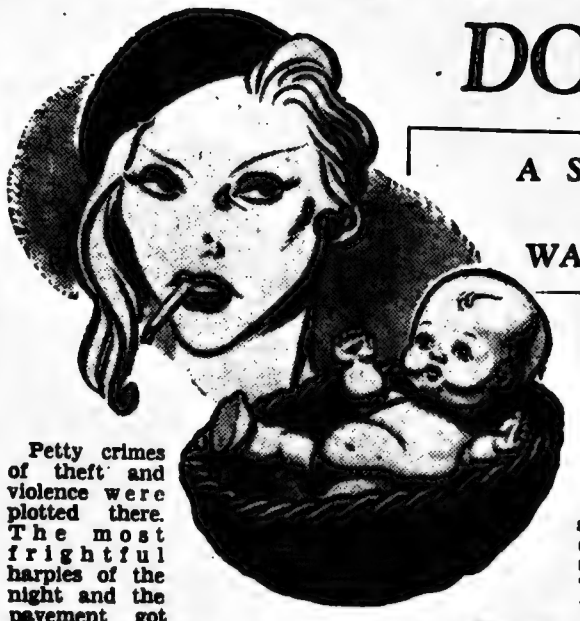
I am afraid the fish queues will continue.

HOW CAN WE KILL UNEMPLOYMENT?

● Frankly, only by manufacturing for use and not for profit. But that we will not do.

All the other ideas are makeshifts which would decrease unemployment but not eliminate it.

THE WOMAN AND THE DOLL



A SLICE OF LIFE
By
WALDO KELLAR

AT times the pain and the sadness of life rise up and get a man by the throat. And the irony of it is that the pain and the sadness, the frustration and the heartache of men and women do not come from material loss or need so much as through their inability to use and enjoy what they have.

Everybody is born with a certain capacity for contentment. Yet how few achieve it!

The other day a young woman told me that she never intended to have any babies. She was determined, she said, to have a good time while she was young . . . and then I remembered this story:

It was at the latter end of the Mad Twenties. The nineteen-twenties were a period of wild reaction against the austerity of the last war. The world went crazy. Nothing seemed to matter. Children behaved like foolish old men, and old men behaved like foolish children.

This kind of thing must never happen again. More lives were wrecked in the Peace than were wrecked upon the battlefields of 1914-1918.

This was the hey-day of the drinking club and the wild party. Then, as now, I wandered from the top to the bottom of society and back again, watching people and things, and picking up stories.

ONE afternoon I was introduced to some horrible little cocktail club in the sink of the West End. At that time, I remember, there were about ninety drinking clubs in four streets in that neighbourhood.

The club of which I am speaking had some absurd name like "The Passion of Gooseberry." It was run by some decadent adventurer on the fringes of the underworld and catered for the inevitable drifting population of men and women whose professions needed all too little guessing. It was a rendezvous of lost souls.

Petty crimes of theft and violence were plotted there. The most frightful harpies of the night and the pavement got together at the bar and drank away the long afternoons.

I went there several times. It was in 1929. One of the most terrifying of the women there was a girl called Fran. She was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, but she looked forty.

She outdid all the rest in drinking and in wild living. Yet there was that about her which indicated that she had had a good upbringing.

I talked to her. When sober she was quite intelligent. Little broken fragments of her life story drifted out on the current of casual conversation.

She had been one of the Bright Young Things of the period about six years before. She had lived, she said, a hey-hey life in London and Paris, in the company of young men and women who believed that the world was a mess and that nothing mattered except amusement.

She had got married, it seems, to somebody who, temperamentally, might have been her twin brother. They married as you or I might light a cigarette; just because they thought they might like to.

Being married, their wild life grew wilder. Marriage gave her a sense of independence. He didn't even bother to keep up appearances any more. They had decided, you see, to do just as they liked.

She went her way and her husband went his. But it is a stern and terrible fact that no man or woman on this earth ever stays upon one level of evil or folly.

"The liar, for example, entangles himself in webs of deceit and lies more and more . . . the weakling takes to drink and becomes brutal.

This silly girl and her silly husband sank into the dreary quagmire of Pleasure until they were quite lost.

They had a little money, never worked, spent everything. Then her husband got involved in some unsavoury scandal. They drifted out of marriage as they had drifted into it.

HE sank out of sight in his own dirty little morass . . . and she sank into hers.

They had never had any children. "What for?" she said to me. "What for?"

I remember saying that children were things every woman had to have; that it was a plain scientific fact that, without children, a woman was incomplete, unfinished. She laughed at this, an awful, sneering laugh; and there, for the time, our conversation ended.

Some weeks later I visited that place again. The proprietor had got hold of a doll—a rather handsome celluloid doll very realistically made in the form of a young baby.

It had blue eyes and movable joints, and instead of a cradle it was laid in a large blue Easter egg made of basket work. This doll was perched on a shelf behind the bar between two bottles of gin.

As I was looking at it, Fran came in, saw it, and said to the proprietor: "Where did you get that?"

"Aha! That's my lucky mascot."

"How much did you give for it?"

"A friend gave it to me."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I don't want to sell it."

"Come on, you can cut all that out. How much do you want for it?"

"I tell you, it's a mascot, and it's not for sale!"

"Give you a quid for it."

"Don't be silly."

"I'll make it two quid."

"I'm not selling."

"I've taken a fancy to that doll. I'll give you three quid, and not a farthing more."

"What do you want a doll for, anyway?"

"That's my business."

"Come on, Charlie, be nice! I tell you what I'll do—I'll make it three pounds ten."

She was not very sober. There was a certain air of desperate unhappiness about her. She reached out a hand and said: "Let's have a look at it."

"No funny business?" said the proprietor, taking down the doll.

"Word of honour."

SHE picked up the doll in its egg-shaped cradle and looked down on it. I observed that before doing so she laid her cigarette in an ashtray as if she feared that the smoke might hurt the doll.

For perhaps two minutes she gazed at it in silence, and then she said, in a queer, strange voice: "Charlie, I'll make it four pounds ten."

A kind of hush had fallen upon the people in the club. There was something strange in the air that day. Heaven only knows what came over Charlie, the unscrupulous little proprietor of the place.

He was a man who might have sold his soul to the devil, and who would do anything in the world for money. But, suddenly, raising his head, he said: "You like that doll. All right, I'll make you a present of it."

The woman stared at him. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, picked up the doll, and ran out of the club.

And I shall always remember her ruined face, hopelessly frustrated and soaked in tragedy, pale between the brim of her absurd hat and the collar of her bedraggled fur coat, as she passed me grasping that celluloid toy as if nothing else remained to her on earth or in heaven.

Perhaps nothing else did remain to her. "Take what you want, said God, and pay for it."

I beg you to remember that nothing in the world is worth taking at the price of the gifts God has given you in the beginning.

Recipe for Public Life

IT has just occurred to me that the oddest thing about the various schemes for making a good show out of this not-too-good old world of ours is that they are all concerned with *getting something*.

If I am a true-blue Tory, I say to you: "Now, look here—give up all this Socialistic nonsense, do as *I* say, vote for *me* and all will be right as rain in two ticks."

★ ★ ★

If I am a bright-red Socialist, I say to you: "Now, look here—shorten my hours, increase my pay, do what I *want*, cough up three-quarters of what you've got and all will be as right as pie in no time."

Some of us want shorter hours, more money, more chances for the youngsters. Some of us want more power, more control over the lives of others. Some of us want things as they were in great-grandfather's time. Some of us want everything altered.

We all *want*.

And back of all the political movements—the little ones as well as the big ones—is the grand old slogan: "Everything I want, nothing you want."

You may not have thought of it like this before, but it is so.

No wonder politics lead to biffs on the nose.

If our ordinary daily contacts were run on political lines life wouldn't be worth living.

Take almost any man apart from his politics and he's not a bad sort. If he meets you in the street after many years—or even only an hour or two—he'll say, "Hallo! Come in here and have one!"

And when he gets you in he'll say, "Now, what is it? Anything you want, old boy." And you'll say "No! no! This is on me. I insist!" And he'll say, "No! no! no! *I* insist!"

He doesn't say (and you don't say), "Hallo! Fancy meeting you! Here's a pub. Take me in and buy me two. I *might* accept one, after a lot of argument and compromise, but I'm asking for two. It's my right."

If he did (and you did), how long do you think it would last?

The bloom on human life is due to the fact that you are willing to do things for me and that I am willing to do things for you. That you are willing to treat me and I am willing to treat you. That we are out to help each other. To *give*. Even if it's nothing better than ninepenn'orth of something in a glass.

★ ★ ★

The curse on politics is that you want everything you can get out of me and I want everything I can get out of you. Whatever Party we may belong to, *we're on the make*.

I hope to live long enough to see a political Party which will be run on lines of good fellowship. A political Party which will start out by saying: "Look here, old boy, what will you have?" Not "What have you got—and give me some!"

When public life is as *good-hearted* as private life it will be worth while.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU?

Since the world began nothing has been done without there first being a thought in someone's mind.

No field has been ploughed, no brick has been laid upon another, no ship has sailed and no pathway explored without someone first had the idea that it should be done.

Now this is all very obvious when it is pointed out. Until it is pointed out it is not so obvious.

Nor, even when it is so stated, is it always obvious that this means us—every man Jack of us.

We, too, must think first and act afterwards; and according to the quality of our thought so will the quality of our action be.

It follows that we cannot think too carefully, too thoroughly, too minutely. It follows that the better the thought the better the action.

It follows that the better the planning, in other words, the more detailed the thinking, the more successful the action.

It follows that those who think the best are going to do the best.

There is no limit to what thought can accomplish. That should be obvious now. But it does not follow that it is easy to think—let alone to think successfully.

It needs practice. It needs constant practice, daily practice, unremitting practice. You'd better start right away. You've wasted too much time as it is!

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

HUMANIST ASSAILED BY ANTI-HORSE-EATERS

I KNEW it would happen! When I printed a letter from a reader advocating the eating of horse-flesh I expected two lines of attack—a sort of pincer movement.

The first came from vegetarians; the second from readers who regard the horse as a friend of man. Here is a specimen of each:

"Where do the cow and bull get their magnificent strength and health?" *asks the first reader.* **"The answer is that they are strict vegetarians.**

"Imagine what would happen to them if they fed on the filthy stuff the average man eats. They would contract all the appalling diseases that afflict mankind and would die. This is not an opinion merely: it is a fact.

"I have not tasted animal flesh since before the last war. Have I faded away? At the time I was a physical wreck when I should have been in the prime of manhood. I had stomach trouble, liver trouble, asthma, diseases in both ears, and was afraid to go any distance from home unless accompanied for fear I should faint.

"I began a pure food diet and started to improve. It took years. But I have never had better health than I have to-day. I can see and hear perfectly; I am my full medical weight; the diseases have disappeared completely.

"Some fatheads say vegetarians have no endurance. It is absolute rubbish. I have driven a car for years and never had an accident.

"We cannot have a new world after the war if we go on tolerating a ghastly and bloody slaughter-house in every town and village. Let us look forward to having farms everywhere producing fruit, vegetables, grain, sugar, honey, and milk made from beans. No more animal food!

"We cannot advance spiritually until that day dawns. You may dispute it, but I know I am right."

THE other argument is put by another reader:

"The thought of eating horse-flesh is revolting to anyone who has lived among animals. The cow, the sheep, the pig and the rabbit are not fellow-workers. They merely eat and grow fat. But the horse is a gallant worker and a great friend to mankind.

"He works willingly all his days. He wears himself out in our service. The idea that when he has finished his course he should be devoured is just unspeakable. It seems indecent to suggest it.

"I don't like the idea of murdering any animal for food, and in theory I ought to be a vegetarian; but when I think of such dishes as a grilled sole, a juicy point-steak, a wing of chicken, or an escalop of veal, I decide to continue.

"I don't argue that meat is necessary, but only that I enjoy it. Old habit or custom has too strong a grip on me.

"But I do draw the line at horses. The fact that people in other countries eat them is not convincing at all. And while I am on the subject, let me say how I loathe the thought of exporting worn-out horses to the Continent for food. That traffic should never be allowed to restart."

There are plenty of other letters, but these two are typical.

Readers can weigh them up and decide for themselves. But there is one point which might be emphasised.

Most of us are apt to regard the "cut off the joint" as the real food, and the vegetables as the trimmings. The truth is that the vegetables are the real food, and now that we get so little meat it ought to console us.

FROM food to drink.

"Why is it that just because I don't drink I don't get on?" *asks a man.* **"I know I can do my job and have trained a good many. Yet the men who know little or nothing become foremen or charge-hands because they go to public-houses with the managers.**

"I don't decry drink for men who want it or like it, but I happen to dislike it and am always being jibed at or leg-pulled.

"The man who doesn't call at the public-house with his 'superiors' has no chance of promotion. It seems so grossly unfair. I am certain that hundreds of other men have found the same thing."

Notice that this reader is not attacking alcoholic liquor itself, but a method of winning favour and securing advancement. I happen to know that there is a great deal of truth in what he says.

The man who indulges his fondness for liquor at the expense of his wife and family is contemptibly selfish. The habit has wrecked many a marriage and broken up many a home.

But if a man has a little spare cash at the end of the week he can please himself whether he spends it on tobacco, a film, a book, or a drink. There is nothing in law to prevent that.

In the last war the Government banned the custom of treating—a ban which prevented many a man from spending more than he could afford in order to be sociable and make himself popular.

Surely a man's success ought to depend on his intrinsic merits alone.

If it is made to depend upon other factors—family influence, social position, bribery, flattery, toadyism, or a glib tongue—then the wrong men get to the top. And that is a thing which the country cannot afford either in peace or war.

"The horse is a gallant worker and a great friend to mankind"

THEY'RE LONGING FOR LETTERS

WRITE that letter home, though you feel you've not much to tell, but all that the Home Folk want to know is that you're safe and well. And if things aren't as good as that, and you write on Adventure's Ledge, then slip in a happy thought. It will act like a golden wedge; it will steady the Windows of Hope which their hearts are looking through. There's no need for big news or fine phrases; they just want a letter from YOU.

WRITE that letter home; don't worry about what to say, for trivial things have a wonderful power of keeping grim doubts at bay. Just think of all the things that you would like to hear—those simple human, personal things that bring folk's hearts so near. Well, that's the way they feel, that's what they look forward to, a word of love and a bit of cheer, so let it as it comes from YOU.

WRITE that letter home, if it's only a scrawl or two; never mind if it's all the same old things, Home Folk aren't looking for something new. They don't need fine details and descriptions don't count much; all they want is that precious part from you, for there's something of you in its touch.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HAVING served at Dunkirk and Tobruk, Cpl. H. S. Dickens is now in India, and finds another form of excitement. He writes to his wife at Regent Street, Beeston, Nottingham:

Just as we got to our new station a typhoon broke and hell was let loose. Billets collapsed, trees were uprooted, vehicles were blown over, and there was torrential rain.

This lasted through the night. In the morning we saw a scene of desolation and havoc, but, miraculously, everybody was safe. We found ourselves cut off, as the road was blocked for miles on both sides.

So we set-to with the help of natives, and with axes, saws and lorries cleared the road twelve miles one way and ten the other, meeting up with the relieving engineers in three days.

Now everything in the garden is lovely, and all we lost was some clothes and a few tents.

THEIR PETS

Writing to his nephew and niece at Green Avenue, Philadelphia, Co. Durham, Gunner J. K. Smith gives a little picture of life in India:

Some of my friends have bought monkeys as pets. They only cost three shillings each, but they are mischievous little devils. They have eaten our cigarettes and chocolate, drunk our ink, and emptied our kitbags, broken our mirrors and used our hair cream.

Other men have bought parrots. They are less troublesome, but it is difficult to get them to talk in English, and you can't have an interpreter about all the time.

There are vultures and kite-hawks to keep us company. The latter wait until they see us carrying our dinners from the cookhouse, then swoop down, and hey presto! one's dinner is gone.

CONVERSATION PIECE

Searching for bed-boards, some R.A.F. men serving in the Middle East made contact with the "Fighting French," and in spite of language difficulty were warmly received. A.C. W. Kemp writes to his mother at Bellevue Road, Edinburgh:

We had no bed-boards or anything else to sleep on, so we decided to go to a near-by camp where the "Fighting French" are stationed, to see if they could help us out.

First we asked a private, who took us to a corporal, who took us to a lieutenant, who directed us to a captain. The captain asked us if we could speak French—we couldn't, so he took us to another lieutenant who could speak English.

By this time we had a captain, two lieutenants and a sergeant attending to us, and then a "big bug" came along and joined in the discussion.

Fancy two humble A.C.s attracting all this attention—what would happen if an Air Marshal dropped in?

Anyway, after some discussion, we were amazed when the English-speaking officer said: "We will give you two beds (iron, folding), two mattresses and two pillows."

Then a bugle was blown, summoning four men, who got the beds from the store, and carried them for us.

Long live the "Entente Cordiale," I say.

Another laugh by airgraph from the desert

"A PROPER FAKE"

Now, at last, we have the "low-down" on the Indian Rope Trick! Pte. T. Richardson tells of a "fake" Fakir in a letter to his married sister at Croft Cottages, Exning Road, Newmarket:

A Fakir came on board the ship and sat cross-legged on the deck. He had a towel wound round his head, and he wasn't wearing much else.

There was a coil of rope in front of him, and as he played mournful music on a flute, the rope—to everyone's surprise—began to wriggle and then rose straight up into the air! Then he played it down again.

But one of our lads was doing some Sherlock Holmes' stuff during the performance. He discovered that the rope was fixed to an invisible wire, and drawn up over a deck stay by a confederate.

A proper fake was this Fakir!

Five Stirring Yarns from the Battlefields

★ In a room at the War Office, the stories of Britain's Armies in action throughout this war are told by warriors returning from all fronts. Here are the cameos of two captains, two corporals and a private

A YOUNG former stockbroker and Territorial, now an artillery captain, stands taking a roll-call of his men before they board a destroyer evacuating them from Greece.

Four are missing. The captain orders the others aboard.

He has a leg wound, could himself well do with a place in that ship. But there's toughness behind his pleasant exterior. He goes to find the stragglers.

He rounds them up, though not till the destroyer has sailed hours before dawn to get clear of air attackers.

Another hundred of somebody else's stragglers are mustered too. With them he ambushes and shoots up two German parties.

Ammunition gone, he advises all who fail to get a passage away to take to the mountains.

Took to the Mountains

With his own four men he makes for the coast, finds a fisherman with an old motor-boat and bargains with him to take them to Turkey.

They set off, the engine breaks down, they land on an uninhabited island.

On it they find a millionaire's vacated mansion, food and wine, and—to the joy of the captain, a keen yachtsman—the millionaire's yacht.

But no sails! They make some from sheets off the mansion's beds, but they are too fine to be of service.

Two Greek sailors land in a destroyer's motor-boat. In it all sail for Turkey, frequently bombed, picking up eleven other evacuees on the way.

At another island the police are troublesome. The captain and his men lock them up in their own cells, refill with petrol.

Next stop—Crete!

On their first night there the five Britons narrowly escape being mixed up in a brawl with two families who mistake them for being party to a blunder by the Greek sailors—one has sold the boat to one family, the other to the rival family!

Locked in Own Cells

Next morning German airborne forces invade the island.

The captain takes charge of a party at a customs house. Enemy gliders land troops near by. These are all wiped out, except a major.

He gets into a shallow well at the bottom of the garden, bobs up now and then, saying ironically in perfect English: "Take it easy, chaps," and gives them a burst from his tommy-gun!

When he ceases to be a joke, they stink-bomb him out, shoot him as he attempts to escape, find on him the full German orders for the attack on Crete.

Finally, the warship evacuating the captain with his four men is bombed and sunk. They complete in another the trip to Egypt . . . just in time to fight Rommel!

★ ★ ★

Long before the captain relates these adventures in the room at the War Office, another young civilian in uniform, a former Post Office Civil Servant, is serving as an Army Post officer in France.

He's had no military training, but, being in the King's uniform, hesitates to evacuate his post though the enemy is near.

So, having a revolver and no orders, he goes to find the "front" and the Germans.

At a bridge a corporal leading a small group of infantry with two Brens and rifles, stops him, tells him not to cross as the Germans are on the other side.

The corporal, thinking it will encourage his men to have an officer in charge, invites him to take over, saying none need know he's no soldier.

Germans Near

He takes over and helps them for two days to beat off the enemy, causing many casualties and knocking out a tank.

His story afterwards becoming known at the War Office, he is scared when a high officer solemnly remarks: "Something has to be done about you."

He leaves the room—as captain of an infantry regiment, a fighting officer!

★ ★ ★

A nimble-witted Cockney private in the East Surreys is on patrol in a wood near Impal in mid-Malaya.

He'd joined the Army when little more than a boy, seen several years' service in the East; is now tired but fighting fit after his long retreat from Thailand with his battalion and one of the Leicesters.

He knows that when they started they were each about 750 strong, are many fewer now; but he never stops to guess that by the time they'll have fought it out at Singapore only one-tenth of them will be left.

Wit against Cunning

He's too busy matching his Cockney wit against Jap cunning. He's noticed that their patrols (like the one on the hill ahead of him) send out scouts who, finding the way clear, show a small flag.

Seeing a scout stealing towards him, he stalks the stalker, shoots him, grabs his flag, waves it after racing to where it can be seen by the patrol of fifty Japs on the hill.

Down they come plump into his trap, where he and his pals wipe out every man of them. His trick holds up the attack there for a day.

★ ★ ★

Two Scots corporals in the Royal Armoured Corps have brought some thrilling desert stories to the War Office room.

One man is an Aberdonian. The other is Singapore-born.

Two generations before, his family settled in the South Sea Islands. Yet he speaks with a strong Scots accent that has thus sturdily survived three generations away from its native soil!

Otherwise the two corporals are Royal Armoured "Twins." They've been in it together since Wavell's push, patrolled together, fought together, come home to get commissions together.

Both are pioneers of the Long-Range Desert Patrol, now famous.

They are out with it in its early days, sometimes racing hundreds of miles at a stretch, striking here, there and everywhere at the Italians—one of Wavell's tricks to kid them his Army's big!

They shoot-up in the late evening, making their getaway in darkness so that "Eye-tie" 'planes can't find them, though night travel doesn't help them find their own way.

By day they hide among camel-thorn or on the shady side of sand dunes.

Shot Up Enemy Fort

In a three-ton truck their small party sweeps south far down the Egyptian frontier to the Jarabub oasis, shoots-up a strongly garrisoned enemy fort with Brens and rifles, and get away.

The truck sticks in a *wadi* and is damaged. Precious water leaks from the radiator, which takes hours to repair.

Each man takes a drink from his bottle; pours the rest of it in the radiator. It sees them through the return journey—200 miles of it.

Another time they are out in a light tank and three armoured cars, raiding communications.

They have their vehicles hit by shell fire, are stuck for a day and a night, "go to ground," warding off attacks.

Next day it's a "real party." The Italians seem to bring up a whole brigade group to prevent their getaway.

But, as the back-from-the-party saying goes: "Here we are, chaps!" . . .

Many other stories, equally stirring, are related in this room by sunburnt soldiers freshly returned from desert or jungle.

Theirs is a long way back, but the tales they have to tell add much to the imperishable glory of the British Army.

Men were crowded on the boats evacuating them from Greece

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I HAVE attended Home Guard parades for two years. Now I am employed down a mine, working from nine to twelve hours a day. I go to work at six o'clock every night, and now I am threatened with a fine or imprisonment if I do not attend two Home Guard parades from 9.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. each week. If I am too tired to go to the pit, I shall be put in prison for that!—"Between Two Fires," Barnsley.

★ ★ ★

Manchester is short of many thousands of houses. There are at least five thousand empty shops. Cannot these be converted to accommodate homeless people?—John Casey, Astley, Manchester.

★ ★ ★

Queer, isn't it, that the rabbit which runs wild and wants no food or shelter from man costs almost the same in meat form as cattle which require raising, food and shelter.—Mr. A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Men's shirts are expensive and should be carefully repaired. But a Hull woman has tried thirty shops to get a neckband for repairing a shirt—and failed.—C. Williams, Hull.

★ ★ ★

Surely it would be more effective to completely ban the manufacture and sale of luxury goods, rather than rely on advertisement appeals of the "Squander Bug" variety.—D. Graham, Sutton, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

The police do fire-watch. My husband with other officers do eighty hours fire-watching a month, over their ordinary duties, since the war started, and there are no complaints.—"Constable's Wife," Essex.

★ ★ ★

A few weeks ago railings of houses near here were taken away for salvage. Last week men returned with the railings and welded them on again!—"Regular Reader," Kingswood, Bristol.

★ ★ ★

Glasgow people wonder why large houses in the town's West End are allowed to remain empty when there is a grave shortage of housing accommodation.—George Scott, Glasgow.

★ ★ ★

For over a year there has been a large store of potatoes in a field near here. The potatoes are all in growth and are wasted. Are there other food dumps of this kind which the Food Ministry has forgotten about?—J. M. Crichton, Hepburn Street, Dundee.

★ ★ ★

A visitor with time and money to spare can still hire a caddy to carry his clubs round the classic links at St. Andrews. Is there a war on?—"Scottie," Thistle Street, Paisley.

★ ★ ★

Living on the East Coast we are getting sprats from the West Coast. I suppose that East Coast sprats are being sent to West Coast towns!—"M. R.," York Road, Ipswich.

★ ★ ★

There is a Services club in Liverpool where overcharging at the canteen is a scandal. The voluntary women helpers are disgusted at the prices charged.—"A. C. W.," Birkenhead.

Write to "John Bull" About it

FALSE TEETH
and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

THINK IN-STEAD

H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

When Victory is won H. Samuel shops will again be the Nation's headquarters for good watches and fine jewellery. Until then we're going all out on war work. But at any P.O. you'll find the patriotic present that is sure to please—WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES or STAMPS. Buy them for all you're worth and help to win the war!
99
FINE JEWEL SHOPS
Enquiries Market St Manchester

HAVE A *Victory* EVERY DAY (if you can)

Victory·V
GUMS and LOZENGES
FAMOUS FOR 90 YEARS
FROM SWEETSHOPS EVERYWHERE
3P per 1/2 oz. 2 oz. 6P

BE CAREFUL—the Fifth Column very seldom looks like this, and they're generally quite content to wait for you to spill the beans. You'd be surprised, too, how neatly your little bit of careless talk fits in with something that came from quite a different source.

BE CAREFUL, TOO, with your Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. Supply is restricted, and the saving of Boot Polish is a war-time necessity. Make the most of every scrap by working it well into the leather; it will ensure a brighter finish and make your shoes pliable, comfortable and waterproof.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

In Black, Brown and Tonette.

CB/YX

Up at the Hall . . .

they could do with six Acmes instead of one. Fifty convalescents mean a mountain of washing—but that stout little Acme stands up to the strain perfectly. You see there aren't any new Acmes to be had—the makers' former employees have been at action stations since the day war broke out. In the meantime, the Hall's lucky to have even one—most of you will just have to borrow! But some day . . .

LAST LAUGH

CAPITOL (London, W.). — "The theatre is still a thrill to me, and I never get tired of going to new plays." Apparently you have mastered the art of snatching refreshing slumber between the intervals.

D. G. (Guildford).—"A Nazi broadcaster said that the Japanese midget submarines are so small that it is hard to believe they can be occupied by human beings." Well, he said it!

G. T. (Tring).—"I remember the Prime Minister as a small boy riding on the step of another boy's bicycle." On his journey nowadays Mr. Churchill frequently takes over the controls.

A. P. (Glasgow).—"I am connected with some of the oldest families in England." We are connected with all of them—that is all of them that are on the telephone.

G. L. (Goole).—"Most of us turn to the newspaper maps to see the spot where the latest scrap has been staged." To find it is not included.

P. C. (Chester).—"This idea of a doctor for everybody under the State is, I suppose, to make us all well compulsorily?" Or ill.

BANTAM (Birmingham).—"Small men are apt to be overlooked." And overheard.

V. L. (Lancaster).—"This war has proved that we can carry on with fewer lights." Including Leading Lights.

S. C. (Fulham).—"After the war home-lovers will have to get together." Not more than six in one room, we hope.

G. H. (Ely).—"Are all women's hats on points?" Some are on perms.

F. S. (Hanley).—"I was reading a book the other day that tells you to do things that seem absolutely impossible." So were we—a cookery book with a recipe that starts: "Take six new-laid eggs——"

N. J. (Hertford).—"There are times when a man wishes he could make himself invisible." And, strangely, there are often times when his wife says she can see right through him.

D. N. (Kingston).—"Since the war began I have risen greatly in favour with my firm, and the boss almost fawns upon me and consults me constantly." You are the errand-boy?

G. N. (St. Albans).—"Roast hedgehog requires no coupons, but it is not to everybody's taste." Nevertheless, it has its points.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Blimey! them P.38 pilots take chances! Just think! If somethin' was to go wrong inside one o' them things . . .!"

Side-Slips

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—". . . she alleged she was knocked down by an ABERDARE ROAD."

EVENING GAZETTE:—"The weather was very cold in the Straits with many DEGREES of frost."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"One man said that he had come straight from a NIGHT-SHIRT job."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A Norwegian refugee who reached Sweden over the mountains on SKIES . . ."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"According to additional information obtained in Cairo to-day, yesterday's Allied air attacks from DAWN TO DUCK . . ."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"In Tunisia, he added, the rainy REASON WAS . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Poverty and serious illness combined have fallen to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Robson. Eighteen months ago a land mine fell on their home, killing a son of twenty years. Mr. Robson and a son of eighteen were so seriously injured that neither has been able to work since.

James Robson, who is still in hospital, served in the last war, being discharged with heart trouble. From an authoritative source we learn that there is no likelihood of this man being able to follow any occupation for some considerable time.

Mrs. Robson pathetically describes herself as a "semi-invalid." She is suffering from cancer. Her daughters of fourteen, eleven, and seven years are in poor health.

Will you send what you can to help this sorely tried family? Donations earmarked "Land Mine," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,381

B. Johnson, 1, Carlyle Ave., Bromley, Kent, for this "Bullet":—

To SAVE SHIPPING
TRAVEL "UNDER OWN STEAM"!

£20: C. J. Hemingway, 19, Spittalfield Cres., Inverkeithing, Fife.
Out For Victory—Farmers, Factories, Forces—Flags!

£10: G. E. Moss, 19, Pingle Rd., Sheffield.
With An Aching Heart—Advertise Adds, "Use Sparingly"!

£5: S. R. Morris, 24, Sunnydene Ave., Eltham Park, S.E.
Liberty's Torch—Trampled Underfoot—Burns Unconquered.

£4: F. R. Hammond, 8, Chestnut Rd., Guildford.
Rising Again—Hopes—Spirits—Prospects—Spending!

£3: Rev. G. W. M. Lawrence, St. Paul's Vicarage, East Ham, E.6.
Partners In Crime—Against Jews—Antipathy, Apathy.

BIG NEWS COMING NEXT WEEK

£2: 1760233 A.C.2 W. J. Jacobs, Somewhere-in-Britain.
To Save Shipping—"Grass" Gardening—Then Garden!

£1/5/-: H. Lee, 3, John's Ave., Lofthouse, Nr. Wakefield.
Private Fritz—Funkenhite—His "Intuition" Cannot.

£1/5/-: C. F. Campbell, 2, Croft Ave., West Wickham, Kent.
Guns For Germany's—War "Power," "Bargaining" Bringing.

£1/5/-: G. Allen, 4, Chelmsford Ter., Chelmsford Rd., Southgate, N.14.
Rising Again—Sap—Spring's "Boundless Breadth."

£1/5/-: H. A. Jackson, 46, Kendal St., Barrow-in-Furness.
Out For Victory—Hot Pants, Neighbour's Tenant!

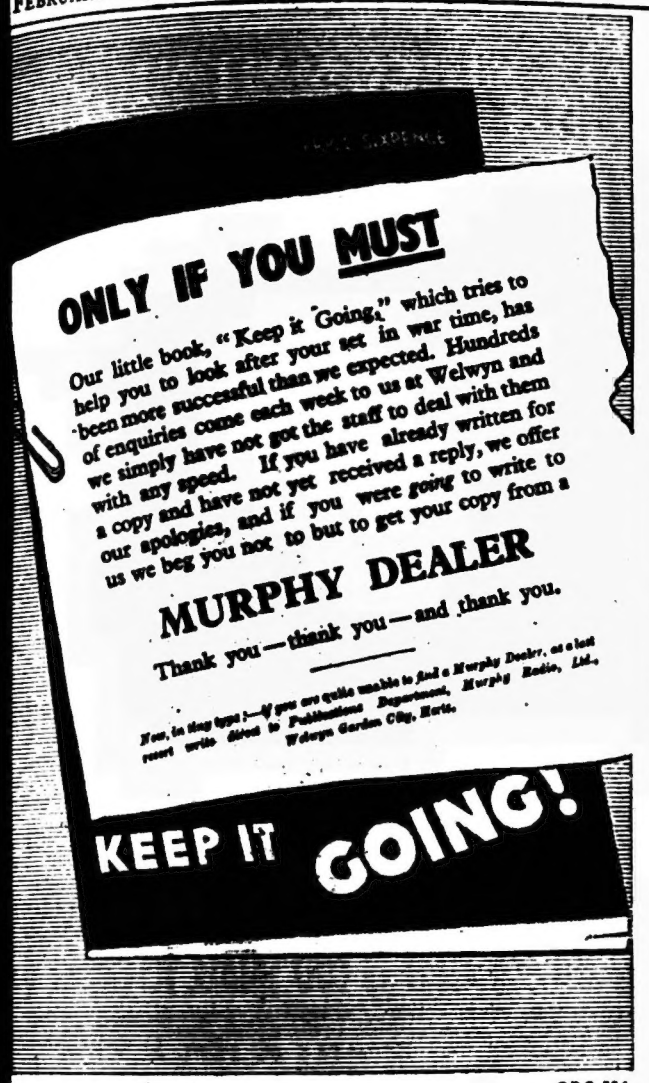
£1/5/-: Mrs. A. Tupsh, 30, Elm Ave., Upton, Wirral.
Guns For Dependants—Wife's Family—In Allen!

A list of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

12 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN X-WORD No. 313.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Scaled. 2. Gull. 3. Prism. 4. Rot. 5. Scout. 6. Pram. 7. Woman. 8. Pit. 9. Rue. 10. Scale. 11. Limes. 12. Kobby. 13. Pot. 14. Polemic.

£100 SHARERS: J. M. Agnew, Largan; W. J. Agate, Hanwell; M/S H. Bescroft, Doncaster; F. W. Brocroft, Doncaster; Mrs. R. Davies, Carnarvon; Mrs. M. Groves, Newbury; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Somewhere-in-Britain; Mrs. N. Lander, Prescot; O. A. Meadows, Diss; F. Marshall, Cranbrook; L. A. Smith, Crowbrook; Mrs. E. Wilson, Leeds.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 18 entrants.


ONLY IF YOU MUST
Our little book, "Keep it Going," which tries to help you to look after your set in war time, has been more successful than we expected. Hundreds of enquiries come each week to us at Welwyn and we simply have not got the staff to deal with them with any speed. If you have already written for a copy and have not yet received a reply, we offer our apologies, and if you were going to write to us we beg you not to but to get your copy from a
MURPHY DEALER
Thank you—thank you—and thank you.
Now, in blue type:—If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Department, Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
KEEP IT GOING!

C.B.C. 114

FALSE TEETH TROUBLES NOW ENDED

A Dentist has discovered a new way to give comfort, complete security and better service to those with dental plates. Dentures are held firm as a rock (especially loose ones). Any kind of food can be eaten with ease and gums are protected from irritating pressures. The edges of the plate are sealed so that no food can get underneath and cause discomfort. Ask your chemist for Dentesive—squeeze a little on your denture each morning—*for the rest of the day you can forget you have false teeth.* Dentesive is a cream, and therefore holds much firmer and longer than ordinary fixatives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dentesive is sold in tubes at 7½d. and 1/3d.

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

CASH and CAKES for JOHN BULL READERS!

X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £125 — 1st PRIZE £100 — £25 — 50 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

Xword No. 313 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in "entry" column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5P	5P	5P
1 STEEP, SHARP RISE IN PRICES WILL SEEM LIKE	R C K E T			
2 GETTING THIS IN THE YUKON WAS THE LOT OF MANY	O L D			
3 SUCH TALENT IS ALWAYS WELCOME AT GARRISON CONCERT	O C A L			
4 MEN ARE READIER TO BELT ON LEADER WHO'S PROVED HIMSELF THIS	S A E			
5 WORKERS ALLOWED TO DO THIS MAY HAVE DIFFICULTY CATCHING UP	R S T			
6 SHOULD KEEP TO CERTAIN LINES	R A M			
7 ANGLERS DO, WHEN TELLING FISHING STORIES IN CLUB	I E			
8 DELICATE PIECE OF MECHANISM MAY WELL BE	P T E N T			
9 GREAT MANY BRITISHERS FEEL SOMEWHAT SENTIMENTAL ABOUT	O M E			
10 UNRELIABLE ONE CAN SPOIL PERFECT MATCH	O V E R			
11 IT WAS GORDON FOR TROUBLESOME CHILD TO BE	P E T			
12 THE TAX ON THIS IS HEAVY AT TIMES	P N T			
13 MAY BE NIPPED IN THE BUD, IF FROST EVENTUATES	R S E S			
14 IT CAN BE INSPIRING TO WATCH SUN DOING THIS ACROSS THE SKY	R I I N G			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Mar. 20.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY, MAR. 8.
Signed .....
Address.....
317

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

BIG NEWS for COMPETITORS NEXT WEEK!

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords first Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to ... as provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per ... entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that ... Bullets Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.— ... and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. ... to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must ... of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest dated March 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted ... Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £200 — £50 1st PRIZE — VALUE OVER — £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 — 30/- 25/- 20/- 15/- 10/- — 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES — 1,000 MERIT AWARDS — BULLETS of 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, March 19.

ON GERMANY'S DOORSTEP
HOUR OF OPPORTUNITY
FIGHT TO THE FINISH
NO USE TO US
PRICE OF VICTORY
CALLS FOR HELP
BATTLE OF GIANTS
WHEN WE ATTACK
JUST AS A REMINDER
MAN WHO CAN'T
IT'S A LIE, BUT
DARK AND DANGEROUS
FACING DISASTER
ETERNAL VIGILANCE
STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY
DESERVES A PENSION
PERFORMING MIRACLES
GRANDPA WISHES
MAD SCRAMBLE
WHAT WE'RE THINKING ABOUT

BULLETS 1,361 RESULT appears on page 14.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

LOOKS LIKE .....
GROW MORE.....AND
HE'S A.....; SO
WORKING FOR.....
GAVE DAD A .....A.....
SUBJECT TO.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated March 20.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,365 Monday, Mar. 8.

Signed.....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,365—or Xword No. 317, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

TIM ENLISTS

LARDER GUARDS
HEALTHY CATS WANTED
5 MONTHS to 10 YEARS
C3! They turned me down. If I was dog, mistress would see I was ill and something for poor Tim."
NEXT DAY
Is life brighter! What do I see? ow did they know? "TIBS" at last!"
ONE WEEK LATER
Volunteer Tim—that's me! Five mice day and they'll make me a Corporal. 's easy. Start counting!"
TIBS
"TIBS" are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 8, or 1/1d for 21.
KEEP CATS KITTENISH
A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

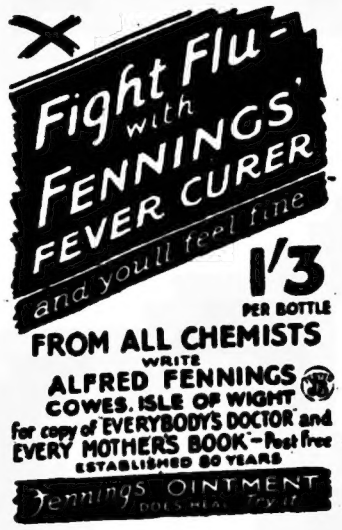
NO PAIN AFTER MEALS

—thanks to friend, who advised
MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"I must say I have never had any pain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., Manchester.

★ Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/3d. Including tax.



DON'T BE A CARELESS LISTENER!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Of course he's busy, but not too busy to switch the radio off . . . he's not *listening*. He's not only wasting electricity, but he's giving his valves unnecessary work.

Even the best valves won't last for ever. Like so many other things, radio valves are now on active service, so cherish those you have got. They may be very difficult to replace when they wear out. *When you're not listening—SWITCH OFF.*

Mullard Sets and Valves are tough . . . made to stand any amount of hard work. That is why many thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free, true-tone listening will, when supplies are once more available, again choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (38)

Do your teeth light up your smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

The Tongue Test will tell! Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what collects stains, makes teeth dull, unromantic. Irium, the super-cleanser in Pepsodent, flushes film away, polishes teeth brilliantly, safely. Use Pepsodent and keep your teeth shiny smooth—lighting up your smile.

7/4., 1/3, 2/3 *Inc. Tax*

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS- and WRONGS

IT'S RIGHT *to*

Fully cover hot plates and use all retained heat.

Sift your cinders. If every householder did this, 750,000 tons of coal could be saved in a year.

Read your meters every week to see how much fuel you are saving and where you can make further economies.

Keep doors shut and windows padded against draughts.

IT'S WRONG *to*

Leave gas or electric fires burning when a room is empty.

Use electric appliances between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. because that is the peak period for the war factories.

Don't black-out before the official time, and don't keep it up later than you need.

Use the poker to make the fire blaze up; coal burns longer in large lumps.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Hard to get - but impossible to beat!

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2D PER TABLET (1 COUPON)

Protects - disinfects

KH 84-851 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

MAKE LIFE BRIGHTER BY TAKING VIRONITA

THREE half wine-glasses every day of this pleasant restorative will bring you new energy, better appetite and sound sleep. Vironita will make your life brighter. Suitable for children or adults. Non-alcoholic.

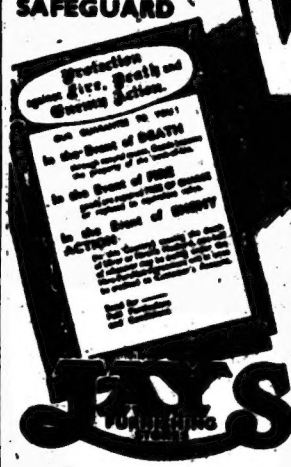
MCALTHORPE & CO

5/3 3/3

Pay for your UTILITY FURNITURE

— JAY WAY

In addition to Utility Value — THIS SAFEGUARD



"JAY WAY"

—which means MAXIMUM CREDIT Plus PROTECTION

If you have your permits (or Coupons) bring them to JAYS

JAYS FURNISHING

248-260, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1

MANCHESTER, 1: 26, 28, 30, OLDHAM STREET.

GLASGOW, C.2: 19-25, SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

200 Other Branches

CALL AT NEAREST BRANCH

POST THIS COUPON and details will be sent by return.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post in 1d. Stamped Unsealed Envelope. J.B. 27.2.43

FLU GONE! KORAY KILLS PAIN QUICKER

At the first sign of 'Flu or a cold take KORAY. Take the little pink tablets at night—preferably with a hot drink—and you will be better by morning. Keep KORAY handy always.

CARTONS 3D 2/7D 1/5 & 2/10 INC. TAX

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